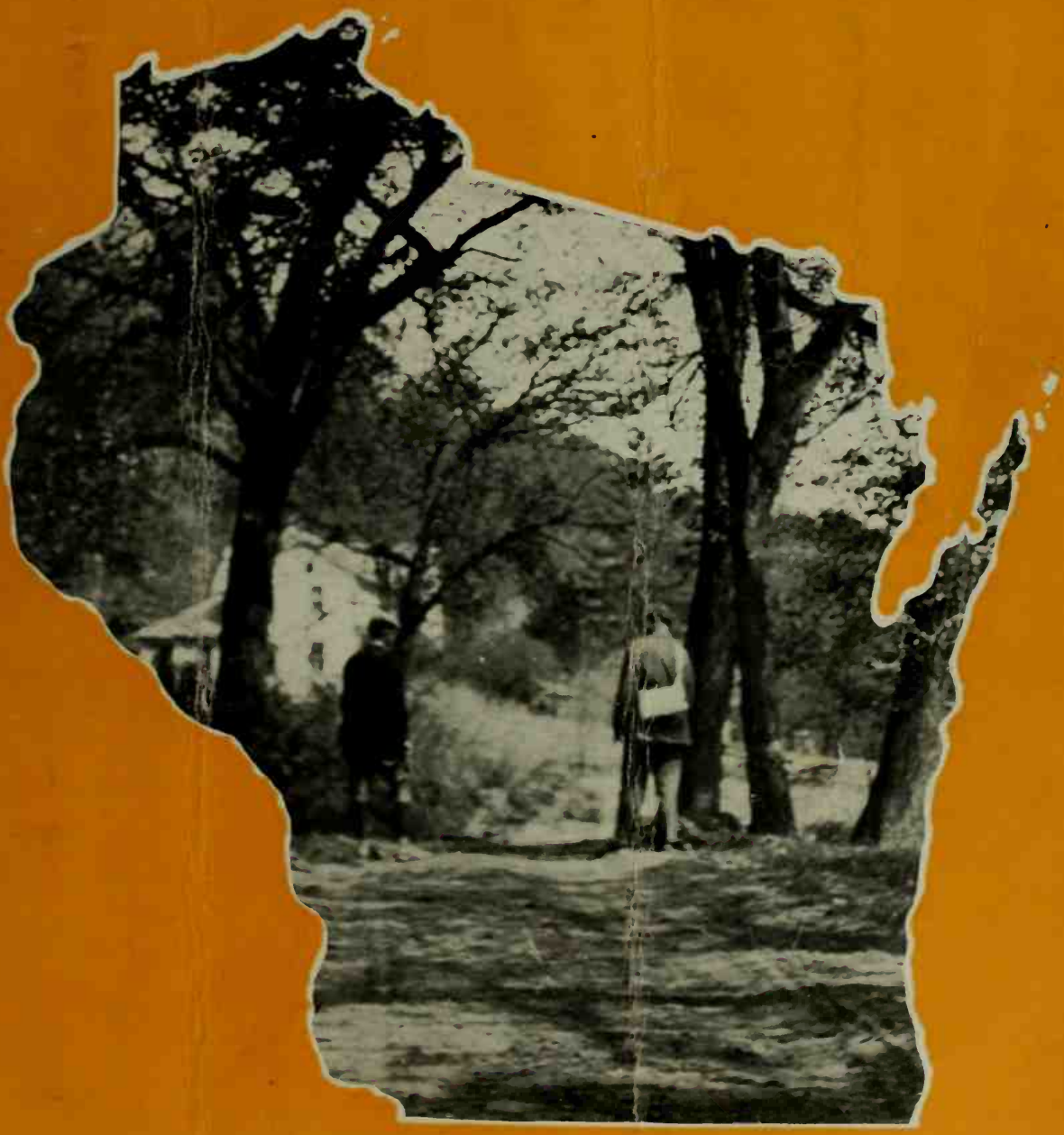
JULY

The Wisconsin MAGAZINE

"Know Your Own State"



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THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY
Kenosha, Wisconsin

The Wisconsin Magazine

July, 1924

HARDY STEEHOLM, *Editor*

Vol. II No. 5

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The Wisconsin Magazine
"Know Your Own State"
JULY, 1924

Wisconsin's Strangest Birthday Gift

Henry S. Cooper Each Year Gives Away a Fortune in Flowers in Observing His Birthday

By Ernest F. Marlatt

WONDERMENT must have been written on the faces of more than 18,000 wounded war veterans scattered in ninety-three different United States hospitals throughout the country on one day last June.

Each of these found at his bedside a beautiful bouquet of peonies sent there by a man who most thoroughly believes in the philosophy that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Thirteen acres of peonies had been robbed of blooms to send this tribute to every disabled, insane, tubercular, shell-shocked or mutilated veteran or marine whom this kindly old man could reach. More than 200,000 peonies in all had been sent on this mission of love, which had the approval of President Coolidge, Secretary of War Weeks, Secretary of the Navy Wilbur and General Pershing.

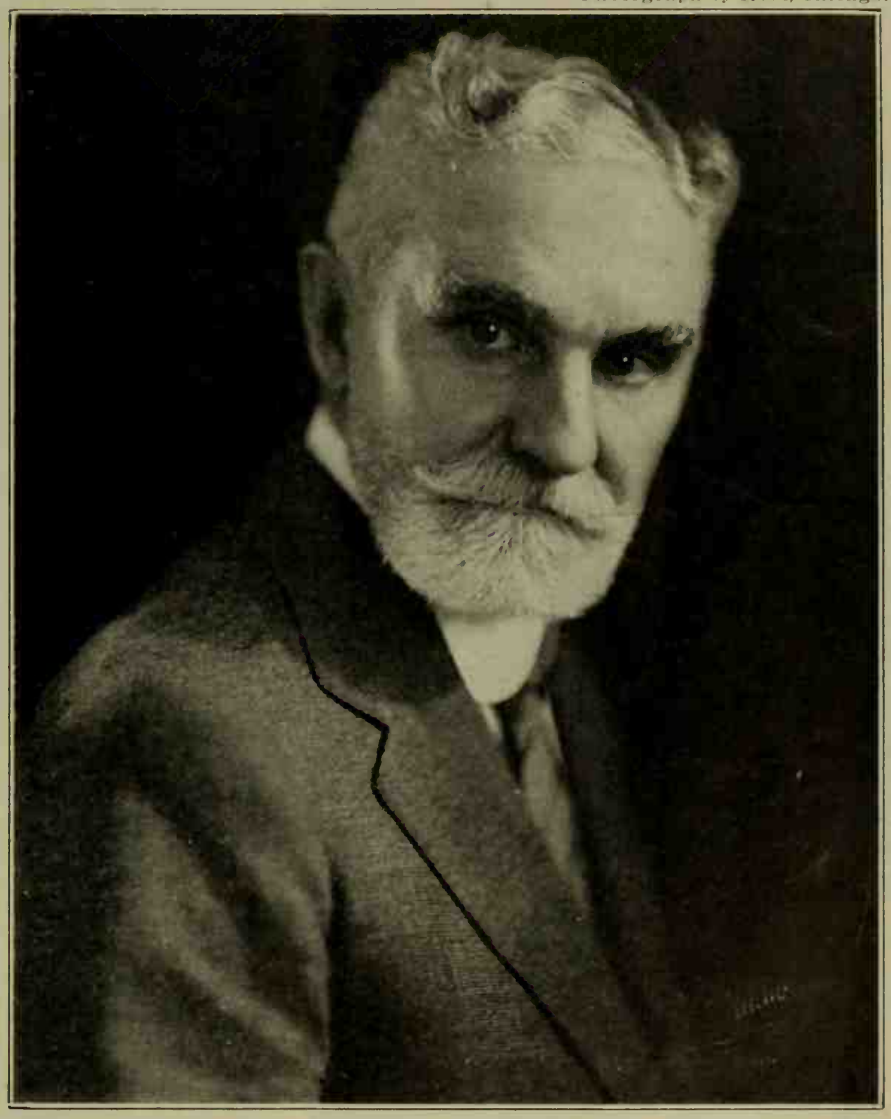
Back at his home in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Henry S. Cooper, the man who was responsible for this unique tribute, was happy because he had again carried out one of the strangest birthday customs of any one in America.

A Gift Worth $25,000

Most people expect to receive gifts on their birthdays. Just the opposite is true of Mr. Cooper, who when his birthday rolls around takes pleasure not in receiving but in sending presents. He has had three such birthdays and each year since he launched this custom his munificence has increased until this year as recounted above his presents went to 18,500 veterans scattered all the way from Maine to California and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

Measured in the market price of peonies at the time, the gift represented $25,000. The blossoms came from the Cooper peony fields at Dunmovin, the Cooper country estate near Kenosha, which fields have won their owner the sobriequet of the world's foremost peony "fan" and have made him recognized as the authority on that branch of flower culture.

Photograph by Root, Chicago.



Henry S. Cooper

Had Made a Peony Way

June is the month when peonies bloom and June is the month for Mr. Cooper's birthday. This coincidence two years ago suggested to him the idea that he might celebrate his birthday by carrying the breath of his flowers to thousands sweltering in nearby cities.

Raising peonies had been his hobby after he had retired from his career as a manufacturer which had made the name of Cooper a household word throughout the entire nation. Because of his love for the "king of flowers" he had transformed acres of grassless and baked land into a paradise of budding peonies. Tourists

by the hundreds had visited Dunmovin at peony time and stood bewildered and caught with its almost magic beauty. Their appreciation inspired Mr. Cooper to attempt to send a part of that beauty and fragrance to many who could not come to his estate.

That first birthday present two years ago made a peony way out of eighty miles of railway line between Milwaukee and Chicago. In every station of the North Shore line were found hundreds of peony blossoms from the Cooper estate. Two thousand went to the depot in Milwaukee; three times that number were crowded into the larger station in Chicago and all along the line every station fairly blossomed with white and pink peonies.

Commuters Saw and Wondered

Commuters could not understand. Who was the genii who had brought a breath of a summer flower garden to them?

But they appreciated it. Days after some of them learned who had placed the peonies there and wrote letters to thank the donor. There was a catch in his throat when Mr. Cooper read some of these letters—women who had worked all day in a sweltering city had forgotten their headaches because of these posies. The sight of flowers had meant much to them.

Another year passed and another June came with the Cooper acres blooming once again with peonies. This time the birthday peonies went to every hospital in the state of Wisconsin—enough of them to place a bouquet at every sickbed. A careful survey had been made to make certain that no hospital or patient in the state would be forgotten.

Then came more letters. Out of all these Mr. Cooper remembers most the one from an eight year old boy whose home was in far away Magog, Quebec, but who at the time was in a Milwaukee Hospital; the letter came the next Christmas, reading,

"Dear Mr. Cooper:

I am a little boy eight years old. I was operated on in St. Mary's Hospital in Milwaukee on June 12th and was there when your bunch of peonies came.

"My mother was reading in the paper that you were sending them when they arrived. I was afraid you might forget a little boy like me.

"I thank you for the flowers, sir, and wish you a Merry Xmas."

Mr. Cooper is frank to admit that this letter was the best Christmas present he had that year.

Veterans Now Remembered

Another June passed recently. This year Mr. Cooper planned and carried out his master gift.

Peonies went not hundreds but thousands of miles from the Cooper estate to veterans' hospitals in every state of the Union, all sent at the expense of the donor. It took 200,000 blossoms—at least ten for each of 18,413 veterans listed in the hospitals—and a small army of workers to pick and crate them. Yet back at the peony fields at Kenosha one could scarcely see that the fields had been touched.

The marvel of it all was that each year within close shipping district was a market where all of those peonies could probably have been sold at $1.50 per dozen.

Photograph by Newell, Kenosha.

The six Marie Lemoine White Peonies which won first prize at the International Peony Show at London, Ontario.

But peonies are Mr. Cooper's pleasure and he wanted to share that pleasure with as many as possible.

A Double Touch of Romance

Back of these strange birthday gifts is a career doubly marked with romance and success — success in the business world where he established himself as a leading manufacturer of the country and success in the twilight of life in following his pastime which has won him international recognition.

This career started in a Methodist parsonage, for Henry S. Cooper was the son of a Methodist circuit rider. His father late in life had retired from the ministry and with his sons had gone into the manufacture of hosiery, in which they built up a thriving industry at St. Joseph, Michigan. In 1876 as a lad Mr. Cooper started in this business largely because his father had been in it before him. Death halted this industry, taking the father, and the business was sold.

In time the sons engaged in manufacturing again, coming to Kenosha where two brothers established a hosiery plant and Henry S. Cooper opened an underwear factory.

Earned Success and Wealth

The history of the city of Kenosha tells how successful Mr. Cooper was in this business, for under his guidance the Cooper Underwear Company grew to be one of the most important industries of the city and of the state of Wisconsin, bringing with it distinction and fortune for Mr. Cooper.

As he neared the three score milestone in life, he turned over the business to his sons, leaving himself free to devote his time to another venture which had heretofore been his fad. That fad was peonies; for twenty years he had experimented with them; now he had an opportunity to study and develop them.

How he succeeded in this new venture is a story just as interesting as the story of his success in the field of industry.

For years the Coopers had lived in town, near the factory, but always there had been the yearning for a country home—and peonies. There was a grove just outside the city of Kenosha, a grove wooded with oaks but around it a tract of land unseemly and barren. This grove won Mr. Cooper's fancy and to secure it he bought 100 acres, sixty of which he immediately resold. The other forty acres, transformed into a beautiful estate and a paradise of peonies, became the location of Dunmovin, the Cooper home.

A Home and Then Peonies

First the forty acres were cleared of the old houses and stables which had stood there for years. A landscape gardener came; he hollowed out a lily lake with a rustic bridge leading to the willow bound edge; he cut twenty-five acres of rough ground down to a velvety lawn. Walls built of boulders with wide gates beckoning the passerby bordered the estate; curving roadways, fringed by flowers, led to the beautiful white house which was built in the center of the estate.

Then came a fire which despite all of the water in the lily pond left the home merely a pile of ashes. Phoenix-like, however, a new home of brick and stone rose in its place and the Coopers were again ready to welcome their friends at Dunmovin.

There was still a thirteen acre patch unused and Mr. Cooper began to ponder what should be done with it.

Beauty Wins Over Utility

While planting forget-me-not, larkspur, and other flowers along the driveways, Mr. Cooper had had a patch of peonies. Their culture had fascinated him. Perhaps that was the reason that he hesitated when it was suggested that the thirteen acres should be put in corn

or sweet potatoes—there was a never failing market for edibles.

The peony dream continued to haunt him and finally beauty won over utility. The next planting season found workmen at the Cooper estate planting peony bulbs in that thirteen acre patch. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were in the fields, too, supervising the work and aiding in it, for they like nothing better than to "fuss" among the flowers.

Thus the thirteen acres blossomed into a stretch of peonies. Mr. Cooper did not like the hit and miss game; therefore he chose to raise peonies from bulbs not seeds.

"You never can tell what kind of a peony will come from a seed," he says. "You may plant a grandiflora seed and get what in dog language is a yeller cur. A penny root can be depended on, though, and I chose the more laborious way of building the Cooper strain of peonies from roots. Each root can be divided once each season; one good plant one year means two the next and so on. Each year these roots must be dug up, tagged and sorted; it takes two persons for each plant to see to it that the roots are taken out so as not to harm the "eyes" It means work; yes, lots of work but it also means peonies."

None Leaves Empty Handed

When peonies bloom the whole country comes to see the Cooper peonies at Kenosha. Every June thousands motor to Dunmovin and not one needs to go away empty handed. The gracious owners of the now famous peony fields welcome visitors and personally cut armloads of flowers for the friend and stranger alike who visits the gardens.

"The Lord made flowers to be enjoyed," says the owner. "If anyone loves peonies enough to come from a distance to see them, I will see that they have a bunch to take home."

Even if no peonies were given to them they would be well repaid for making an hegira to Dunmovin.

Imagine seeing a half million peony blossoms—some of them the wondrous rose like Marie Lemoine, others the Jap Mikado, or the creamy Avalanche flecked with Carmen! Imagine the white peony blossoms predominating, for they are the ones which Mr. Cooper loves most, but also imagine them sprinkled with clusters of pink and crimson peonies! This gives one an idea of the Cooper's acres of peonies.

Photograph by Newell, Kenosha.

Dunmovin.

Peony experts from all over the country come to Kenosha in June and all alike have said that this is the greatest bed of highgrade peonies in the country.

Took First Honors

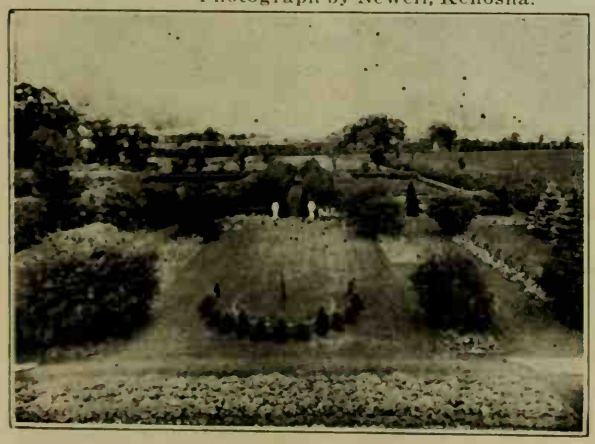
The proof of the pudding, it is said, is in the eating. Likewise the proof of the Cooper peonies came when they were entered in exhibition against peonies from all parts of the world at the international peony show in London, Ontario. The day after the contest was closed papers all over the country carried the following despatch:

"Henry S. Cooper, of Kenosha, Wis., who styles himself "A Peony Fan," walked off with the first prize from the international peony show at London, Ontario. Mr. Cooper showed the best six blooms of any color. It was his first time exhibiting. In all he took only one dozen specimens to Ontario—the smallest exhibit of the show. Others displayed scores. One grower sent a refrigerator car filled with peonies. But Mr. Cooper took the prize."

The six blooms which won the prize were of Mr. Cooper's beloved, Marie Lemoine, the white peony.

Thus did he win success in his hobby and he is not loath to say that he cherishes this recognition as much as that which he gained in the industrial world as president of a manufacturing plant known almost around the globe.

Photograph by Newell, Kenosha.



A birdseye view of the formal garden at Dunmovin.

Whatever You Do, Do Well

"Whatever you do, do well," says Mr. Cooper. "When I went into the underwear manufacturing business, I studied the business thoroughly; I gave it my best and made the very best product I could. Likewise in peony raising, I determined that anything worth doing was worth doing well. The results speak for themselves."

Mr. Cooper realizes that his hobby has now become a real business but withal of that he has never lost the same sentiments which granny felt when she tended her "piney" bed.

He has written a book on peonies, a book which experts call "The Peony Bible" and which entitles him to be called the king of the peony industry. He prefers, however, to be known merely as "a peony fan," the name which he adopted when he forgot business to raise peonies and incidentally plan the most unusual birthday of any man in America.

Past sixty when he launched this venture into peonies he found in it enjoyment for himself and others. A successful business man and manufacturer, many a person would have been content to rest on his laurels; Mr. Cooper, however, took the better way and demonstrated how truly Browning wrote:

"Grow old along with me, the best
is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first
was made."

THE RENDEZVOUS

Across the valley by the track
The ruin of an ancient shack
Lies hidden in the weeds and brush.
There gophers scuttle as the thrush
Pours out libations to the dawn.
Content until the dew has gone;
And with the day come other songs
As Jenny Wren with joy prolongs
Her tuneful note as if to stay
The magic of a perfect day.

But now the songs give way to cries
Bespeaking watchful ears and eyes.
For through the brush peer tousled heads
That waken many fearsome dreads.
Then out they burst in full array
For games that only boys can play;
For them the ruin is a cave
Whose shadowed depths the waters lave
That flow from realms of fairyland
And bring its wealth at their command.

Here one can rub the genie's lamp
And stand in Sherwood's forest camp
Disporting with the knights in green;
While gorgeous cavalcades are seen
And bandit battles gaily fought;
Or see the treasure newly brought
By pirates from a distant land
In silence buried on the strand.
And marked in dark mysterious ways
For happy treasure hunting days.
Old Kubla Khan in Xanadu
Could never put his palace through
In such magnificence as they
Can build the fairyland of play.

—*Sam Bryan.*

The Story of Macktown, a Deserted Wisconsin Village

The Romance of Stephen Mack

By May L. Bauchle

WHO is it, father"?

"I do not know, he came to buy furs, but he is very ill. See what you can do for him," so the great chief of the Pottawattomies told his young daughter Ho-no-ne-gah as she came out of the forest, her arms laden with branches and roots, and discovered a strange man lying inside the flapping door of her wigwam home. At the mention of illness the girl's face glowed. She liked nothing better than to minister to the sick, and no squaw of the tribe was more deft than she. Leaving her burden on the ground she stepped inside but was soon back.

"Fever, bad fever," she said. The Chief nodded. He had seen strong men go down to death with the fever of this low country and his pale-face guest looked unequal to the struggle.

Ho-no-ne-gah cooked the evil-smelling herbs over the glowing coals, first one kind and then another. With unerring skill she gave them to the unconscious stranger. Day and night the chief and his daughter took turns watching at the bedside of the sick man. Oftimes he would open his eyes and smile his thanks and then he would sleep again. Gradually he grew better.

All this happened in the days of long ago when the primeval forest stood on the banks of the Rock whose winding waters gave the name of Grand-de-Tour to the ancient town of the redmen. Now that the pale-face was out of danger the great chief decided to make a long deferred trip into the North country and find for himself and his people a new home away from the low lands and the scourge of fever.

Shortly after the departure of the Chief and his favorite daughter the sick man opened his eyes and beheld, not his beautiful dream girl, but an ugly grizzly old squaw, wrapped in a dirty blanket.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Ugh! Ugh!"

"My name is Stephen Mack. What is yours?" he ventured.

"Ugh! Ugh!"

"Where has the other one gone?" he tried again.

"Ugh! Ugh!"

Disguested, he turned his face away and fell asleep.

Back in Vermont the parents of Stephen Mack were waiting anxiously for news of their boy. When he finally became able to return to his home they begged and entreated him to remain with them, to finish his interrupted college course and live as befitted his station. Reluctantly Stephen agreed but the lure of the forest was in his heart and when the first robin carolled the coming of the Spring he bade his parents what proved to be a last farewell. From the wanderer the father exacted one promise, however, and to Stephen's credit it must be said, it was a promise which was never broken. He must become, the father demanded, a bonafide fur trader, not a whiskey merchant nor a rover. This promise in no way conflicted with Stephen's desire, so he joyously set out for the village of Grand-de-Tour, thinking to establish a trading post in the valley of the Rock. By this time John Kenzie at Chicago and Solomon Juneau at Milwaukee had become well known and in them Stephen Mack was certain to find a market for the furs which he would buy from the Indians. Plans for the future, which included a dusky Indian maiden, filled his head as he rounded the bend of the river expecting to behold the village he had left a few short weeks before, but he was doomed to disappointment—only the stones and ashes of the Pottawattomie fires were left.

"Where have they gone? How can I find them?" No one could tell him, so he pushed on up the river intent on finding a location for his trading post. With that located he felt that sooner or later he would learn the fate of his friends from the redmen who came with their furs.

Imagine his surprise when a few days later he reached a village in Bird's Grove and found the Chief and his lovely daughter. The quest was ended. Casting his lot with his red skinned friends, he at once began to build up his trade with the Indians, carrying the merchandise, first to Milwaukee and then to Chicago, on the back of his faithful pony. Day by day the love between the Indian Princess and the fur trader grew. The Chief offered his daughter in marriage but Stephen hesitated. He loved Ho-no-ne-gah dearly, but he thought of his mother, his proud New England mother, and he waited. The Indian girl trusted her pale face lover and was faithful to him. She was happy. She also would wait. One day while Stephen was in Chicago with a pack of furs a band of Winnebagos came to Bird's Grove.

"Stephen Mack is a traitor," they told the Pottawattomie Chief. "He comes and lives with us, he eats with us and buys our furs, but he does not marry."

"I do not want to marry yet," Ho-no-ne-gah said in defense of her lover.

"That is not all," the Winnebago went on, "He will not bring us whiskey nor guns from Chicago when we ask him."

Macktown today. An old Indian trading post, built in 1829.

The Chief saw that they were angry, so he made no reply.

"We are going down the river and kill him when he comes round the bend," the disgruntled Indians declared.

That night, under cover of darkness, Ho-no-ne-gah slipped out of the wigwam of her father. Swift as a deer she sped through the forest; on and on she went, never stopping to sleep or to eat until she had found Stephen. Quickly she told him all that the angry Winnebago had said. Stephen could hardly believe it, for he had always been a friend to the redmen, but he knew the girl was telling the truth. Realizing that for the second time she had saved his life, he decided to forget his haughty mother and make her his wife.

The two remained in hiding until they were certain the Winnebagos were gone, and then returned to Bird's Grove. The Chief was rejoiced that Stephen and Ho-no-ne-gah were safe and gave them his blessing. After their marriage they remained at Bird's Grove awhile, and then moved to a spot on the Pecatonica River where it joins the Rock. Here Mack established the trading station as he had promised his father and built a home for his wife.

By this time other white people were coming into the territory and the rivers being judged navigable, he decided he had an ideal location for a village. That this venture was not successful was in no wise due to Mack's miscalculation. The spot was one of the most beautiful in the valley and the nearness of the two rivers presaged prosperity. He built the first bridge across the river, had a good trade with the Indians, and his home became the gathering place of the settlers. Unfortunately the river and the development of the water power by this settlement eventually led to the downfall of Macktown.

After the battle of Stillman Valley the treacherous Black Hawk visited Mack and used all his wiles to persuade the trader and his followers to join in the raids upon the outlying settlements. In this he was not successful and Mack was much relieved when the warring redmen were removed across the Mississippi in 1833.

The lowly home of Stephen and Ho-no-ne-gah fostered the beginning of education in the Rock River Valley. Stephen brought books from Detroit and employed a teacher for his children. To this school he invited the children of his neighbors and from that nucleus a School District was formed of which Mack was the first custodian of funds. From this the schools of the community have grown until recently there was dedicated a handsome well equipped Community School named for that first mother, Ho-no-ne-gah. At this ceremony there were present, Carrie Mack Newberry of Pontiac, Michigan, the only living daughter of this interesting couple, and Edith M. Mackin, a granddaughter, of Sydney, Australia.

Stephen and Ho-no-ne-gah Mack had eleven children, two dying in infancy. Rose was the oldest and Caroline or Carrie the youngest. The others were named Mary, William, Louisa, Thomas, Edward, Henry, and Matilda. In July, 1847, the mother died, leaving a tiny baby. Henry Clay, a boy of seven when his mother died, passed away two years later. By Indian treaty with the government, half-breed children had a certain amount of land or its equivalent in money. Under this ruling Mack received about $5,000.00. By careful investment he became a wealthy man for the times and owned a little over 1,000 acres of fertile land along the Pecatonica.

Sometime after the death of Ho-no-ne-gah her husband married a Mrs. Daniels of Harrison. This marriage was not a success. Perhaps the fact that Stephen had made a codicil to his will substituting the name of "Isabella" for "Ho-no-ne-gah" had something to do with his sudden demise. Although nothing was ever proved in regard to Stephen's mysterious death the rumors concerning the same have never been quieted.

As Ho-no-ne-gah and her children had been buried on the farm which had so long been her home so was Stephen Mack laid to rest in his own ground. Thirty years afterward, when Macktown had passed into the hands of strangers, three friends of this pioneer purchased a lot in the Phillips Cemetery and had the remains of Stephen, his wife, and his son Henry removed to a sheltered spot. Above the graves, markers have been placed and with the remains a glass bottle containing a printed paper as follows:

"If in the course of time this paper should meet the eye af any person be it known that the remains buried here are those of Stephen Mack and his wife, Ho-no-ne-gah."

"Stephen Mack was the first permanent white inhabitant of the Rock River valley. He was a good citizen, a generous friend, a gentlemen in deportment and an honest man.
J. R. Jewett,
William Halley,
R. H. Comstock."

The romance of the college bred, intellectual Stephen Mack and the beautiful, dusky Ho-no-ne-gah will live forever.

The Graves of Stephen Mack, Ho-no-ne-gah his wife, and Henry Clay Mack, his son.

GOOD TIMBER

The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light;
That stood out in the open plain,
And always got its share of rain,
Never became a forest king,
But lived and died a scrubby thing.
The man who never had to toil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air
Never became a manly man,
But lived and died as he began.
Good timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger wind, the tougher trees;
The farther sky, the greater length;
The more the storm, the more the strength;
By sun and cold, by rain and snows,
In tree or man, good timber grows.
Where thickest stands the forest growth
We find the patriarchs of both,
And they hold converse with the stars
Whose broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much strife—
This is the common law of life.

—Anon

Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius; therefore a nation characterized by energy may well be eminent in poetry.

—*Matthew Arnold*

One Woman Who Served Wisconsin

By Louise W. Mears

NOW and then when a teacher of children withdraws from her profession, the announcement unfolds a volume of rich memories. Men and women give it more than passing notice, for they are reminded that the woman who directed their footsteps, and perchance those of their children, has been a real factor in their lives. With confidence they have entrusted their children into her sure hands, counting upon her interest in them. And well they might!

When Miss Emily Strong withdrew this June from the faculty of the Milwaukee State Normal School, she was bringing to a close thirty-eight years of active classroom work with children in this school. A member of the first faculty, in 1886, she has served continuously in the Intermediate Department of the Training School. She has been a definite, unswerving personality in shaping the policies of the school. She has seen service in the "Old" and "New" Normal School in Milwaukee, and has been associated with six presidents. Her biography is therefore a living history of the school. Her clear trained memory is a treasure house, her rugged health a fruitage of right living.

It is doubtful if there is another Fourth Grade in Wisconsin where parents and offspring are such rivals in scholastic competition, and where the literary productions and handwork of the parents can be displayed to the youngsters. A visitor in Miss Strong's room has had the opportunity to hear her say to a little pupil, in all seriousness, "William, your father did better than that when he was in this class," or, directing her attention to little Mary, "I wonder how your work compares with what your mother did when she was your size." And, to verify her suggestion, Miss Strong brings from the bookcase a cherished little essay in the childish handwriting of Mary's mother, written twenty-five years ago. Alas! for father, if he fails to measure up to Miss Strong's fond prediction when she charges the small son with, "Ask your father that question. He used to know that very well when he was one of my boys."

If Miss Strong were to call the roll of her boys and girls, the names would be numbered in the thousands. The Training School "alumni" are found in the best homes of Milwaukee, and their names, like the Florentine lily, are engraved upon the heart of Miss Emily Strong. We scan a list of them and record a few in this sketch, in the hope that their owners may read them and bless the foster-mother who watched over their studies in the Fourth grade.

Milwaukeeans will appreciate this list of names: Mrs. Louis Quarles, Louis O. French, Sam French, Miss Margaret Rogers, Herman Buemming, Dr. Malcolm Rogers, Misses Margaret and Dorothy Conway, Lawrence West, George and Edgar Ettenheim, John Barr, Alex Uhrig, Edward Demmer, Waldemar Wehe; the families of August Wergell, Mrs. Walter Read, Dr. Thomas Hay, E. B. Marshall, O. W. Robertson, Mrs. C. W. Norris, Elias Bottom, Capt. Frederick Pabst, John Johnson, A. A. L. Smith. Dr. Arthur Holbrook, William L. Jones, D. E. Murphy, Rabbi Hirshberg, and Loyal Durand.

Miss Emily W. Strong, who served Wisconsin.

"And when the world shall link your names
With gracious lives and manners fine,
The teacher shall assert her claims,
And proudly whisper, 'These were mine!'"
—*Whittier* ("At School-Close.")

During these many years that children passed through Miss Strong's Fourth Grade, there have also been the "Practice Teachers" to receive the inspiration and the skill peculiar to the instruction of children who have arrived at that period of their development where books open to them a new world. All learned from her a love approaching reverence for books. They treasure objects of historic significance, and their small hands are allowed to turn the pages of books more than a century old. Each year as they make their pilgrimage to the Public Museum they are the keenest of observers of things historic.

When the Fourth Graders in the Training School visit South America, as they do each year, they travel in imagination with the great naturalist Louise Agassiz and with the explorer Hiram Bingham of Yale. They are on friendly terms and carry on a correspondence with Wilfred Grenfell in Labrador. They share in a small way in the support of the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap where they have furnished two rooms. Their bank, established by the Fourth Graders of years ago, is a real institution. The children are the bankers and endorse checks upon the "Gum and Candy Bank," personally delivering sums of money to their chosen cause, as the Salvation Army, Near East Relief, Junior Red Cross, and the Society for the Preservation of Wild Flowers. The reader of this sketch can easily divine that the amount of money contributed is secondary to the educative value of their contact with social problems. The children have caught the spirit of their leader.

But in all their human contact with persons and places, there shines above all with these children of the past and the present their feeling for New England Life and traditions. They soon learn to know that New Hampshire home in the Connecticut valley, looking over into Vermont, where Miss Strong spent her youth. In imagination they visit the maple sugar camp in the early spring, and again they see by the fireplace of the Strong household the cobbler on his annual round of shoe-making. It was here at Orfordsville, her birthplace, that as a child Emily Strong, through the occasional visits of missionaries from Africa, Turkey and other remote parts of the world, became imbued with a missionary spirit. With other children she subscribed her dime to the building of the "Morning Star," the historic ship that carried workers and supplies to the Islands of the Pacific.

Through the years New England poets have sung to the Fourth Graders of the Training School. Longfellow, Whittier, Aldrich, Louisa Alcott, and Thoreau are their personal friends. Their taste for literature has gone beyond New England also, and they have received letters in answer to theirs from Thomas Nelson Page, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Frances Courtney Baylor, and others of American fame. All of these

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Parks, a Social Necessity

By C. B. Whitnall

Secretary Milwaukee Board of Public Land Commissioners

PARKS have come in response to a yearning. The gradual gratification of this yearning has demonstrated their value. Our intuitive sense appears to have been stronger than our common sense.

Our civilization, proud as we may have a right to be of it, has been a development of the science of greed or exploitation. To discuss the various ways in which we exploit each other, leaving the devil to take care of the hindermost, would be out of place at this time. Suffice it to say, that these efforts of exploitation have caused the growth of the city to attain a chain of circumstances so abnormal that parks have become a palliative factor.

The study of parks, with the influence they exert upon the physical and, consequently, moral character of those whose homes are within a thousand feet of them, has directed scientific research to the conclusion that environmental influences have already been, and always will be the control of all vegetable and animal life. Therefore, that fearful trinity which is becoming a menace, namely sickness, poverty, and crime, cannot be disposed of by medical treatment, alms or punishment. To overcome them we must treat ourselves, particularly our child life, with that same consideration of natural tendencies as the plant breeder would who specializes in roses, pansies, violets, etc. Love and proper environment is absolutely necessary to child life.

Upon further study, we find that our business of exploitation has reached our natural or God-given resources to such an extent that we are suffering in our cities for the sunlight and a normal atmosphere which have been squeezed out of the areas in which we are expected to harmonize. In short, we find that many of our present man-made laws conflict with natural laws.

City Planning engineers are needed rather than politicians. Decentralization of our overgrown cities is more important to the well being of the nation than the election of any particular individual to office. The failure of our large cities to serve economically the purposes they should is conspicuous. The cost of transacting business in our large commercial and industrial centers has become enormous, and constitutes an overhead cost upon the entire nation that is a very important element in the much discussed high cost of living. The city planner makes it his business to devise ways and means of conducting our commercial activities economically and without vitiating those environmental influences which the park student has convinced us are a vital necessity. His original study was confined within the corporate limits of the city, but his field has developed into a much wider sphere.

It is now commonplace knowledge that the food upon which the city subsists comes from the outside. That eighty per cent of the human energy is born and raised outside. That the third generation of city born is more or less degenerate. It is now more fully understood that the city is a dependent factor in the affairs of the State, and that a city's stability and progress is dependent upon its efficiency in functioning with the state at large.

This failure of the city so to function is most readily comprehended by a consideration of New York City, which is looked upon as our foremost city. Many people, in their desire to improve their home town, strive to emulate New York City, and, strange as it may seem, they would copy the very features that are defeating New York's welfare,—the sky-scraper, the subway, and apartments in particular. New York has a great responsibility as our gateway to Europe, in which it is, however, proving a failure. We can import goods from Europe into New York for less money than we can get them through

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Log Cabins, famous stopping place on the old Military Road, erected in 1874.

Picturesque Langlade

By Robert M. Dessureau

PICTURESQUE Langlade County, in the heart of Wisconsin's famous Land O' Lakes,—that beautiful region that glories in a wealth of nature's bounteous gifts—is rich in story of lake and stream, virgin forest and lumberman, red warrior and the pioneer. The colors of four nations, Spain, France, Great Britain and the United States, have claimed this section.

Long before the advent of the squaw man, the pine hunter and the homesteader, the brave Algonquin stalked the fleet deer in the magnificent pineries and from lakes teeming with fish took "his fill" of pike, bass and muskie, without the restraint of law. He recounted his stirring deeds of valor before his blazing campfire while his maiden of the forest, "Me-Da-Gee-Wa-No-Kwa" silently prepared the evening meal. He told of the coming of Wahbahnoosay, the mighty medicine man and of his prophetic messages to the red man; of the great war dances and the excitement of the braves as they joined the red and white forces of Sieur Charles De Langlade for the great battle at Ft. du Quesne in which George Washington, then a Virginia colonel, took part.

Many of those brave Algonquin warriors never returned to the hunting grounds and trails they loved so well. Those who lived on saw the coming of the white man. Amazed and bewildered they watched him cut the famous military road through the pine forests from Shawano to Ft. Wilkins, Keweenaw, Michigan. This tote road started at Green Bay. It was constructed immediately after the Civil War, although provisions for its construction were approved by Congress on March 3, 1863. Public lands were granted to both the Wolverine and Badger states to aid in building this tote road, called by many pioneers a land and pine conspiracy.

The old Lake Superior trail, forgotten today, except to a handful of northern Wisconsin people, passed into oblivion after the coming of the military road. No longer would the plucky cowmen of that period of over a half-century ago drive their oxen over this solitary highway to the copper mines of Michigan. This was before any railroad went through this section of the state to Michigan and many years before the Northwestern road went through from Fond du Lac to Menominee.

With the completion of the military road the log cabins, ranches and stopping places on the old Lake Superior trail were moved nearer the new and only artery of travel to accommodate the cattle men, human derelicts, surveyors, pine hunters, mail carriers and land seekers. One of the oldest of these historic stopping places, moved from the old Lake Superior trail to the military road, was kept by George Gardner, a full blooded Stockbridge Indian. His first stopping place, as these places were then called, was located on section 26, township 31 N., range 14 east and was moved, when the military road diverted traffic from the trail, to section 30, township 31 N., range 15 east, Langlade County. (This was then a part of Langlade township, Oconto County. This township consisted of 44 and a third congressional townships and extended to the state line at that time.) Gardner's descendants still live on the Stockbridge Indian reservation at an Indian settlement near Shawano. Not many years after 1865 ranches dotted the military road every thirty-five miles serving as mail stations and stopping places for lumbermen, Indians, fur traders and trappers and for homestead seekers and cattlemen. During the days when the oxen and supplies were sent north from Shawano to the copper country the old trails of this section furnished a wonderful panorama of the wild frontier life out in the great open of northern Wisconsin. To those who lived through that yesterday it affords a striking contrast to the eastern Wolf river region of today.

Today it is a country of prosperous farms, happy and contented homes, of beautiful virgin forests, broad rivers, abundant water power, in fact, a vicinity of incomparable resources, yet undeveloped.

Settlers in the Wolf river country of eastern Langlade County have excellent hopes for tomorrow, but in the judgment of the writer its future is even beyond the untravelled conception of its own inhabitants. Here the rumbling, roaring Wolf, amid its primitive ruggedness, pushes ever on in its journey to the great St. Lawrence.

Today the touring public finds the old military road turned into one of the finest state highways in the country. Where weary cattlemen plod north to the mines a half century ago, high powered motor cars speed on to the lakes and streams today. Highway No. 55, from quaint Keshena through to Markton, takes the

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Editorials

OUR PROGRAM

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE has a definite and clean-cut program so well defined and yet so broad in its scope that the time will in all likelihood never come when we shall deviate from it. Nor need we fear the exhaustion of materials from which to fill the magazine from month to month, for Wisconsin is not lying dormant but is in a state of continual growth, change, and development. New things come and old things go—in some cases the old adapts itself to new conditions; personalities appear and disappear. Wisconsin may be likened to a stage, with the scenes ever shifting and the actors going through their parts—old actors, old parts, new actors, new parts, tragedy and comedy, romance and routine, continual flux. To continue in the same figure, THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE sits as the photographer, the recorder, perhaps, the interpreter and critic of what takes place on Wisconsin's stage.

Every publication should be able to justify its existence. We believe the past year of our publication has been sufficient argument in itself. Nevertheless it might be well to set out concretely what we believe to be the purpose of the magazine and the field in which it can best function: The following then, are the purposes which we are attempting to follow out:

I

To tell what Wisconsin communities and localities are attempting or have accomplished, so that every community and locality in the state may benefit by the successes and failures of the others, or be stimulated to greater civic effort.

II

To co-ordinate the work of the social forces of the state. Each group should know what the others are doing. Likewise, any movement for social welfare can be successful only insofar as it brings its message to a great number of people, particularly to those whose leadership would be of value in its promotion.

III

To establish a bond of unity, sympathy, and cooperative enterprise between various parts of the state. Northern Wisconsin must be made to feel that it is no less a part of our state than Southern Wisconsin, and Southern Wisconsin must come to realize that it owes it as a duty to Northern Wisconsin to hasten its complete development.

IV

To call attention to good work, wherever done, by whomever done, whether it be in art, in literature, in social service, in philanthropic endeavor, in industrial relations, in the beautification of our cities and countryside,—wherever individuals are working for the betterment of our state, it is our purpose to point them out, that by their example others may be spurred on to contribute something in their way.

V

To stimulate an interest in outdoor Wisconsin and encourage the use of our remarkable natural advantages of forest, stream, and lake, both by Wisconsin residents and by people from other states.

VI

To work for the conservation of natural resources, the extension of public park systems, the beautification of our highways, and the removal of anything that obstructs the conservation, development, or enjoyment of Wisconsin's splendid out of doors.

LINKING NORTH AND SOUTH WISCONSIN

The most important alliance which can be made in Wisconsin is one which will link the earnest and willing support of the men and women in Southern Wisconsin to the efforts of the people of the northern part of the state in seeking to accomplish the transition from lumbering and kindred occupations to agriculture and industry.

Wisconsin forests are nearly all gone. There is a feeling among some of the people in the North that they have neither the sympathy nor the coöperation of South Wisconsin in their struggle to make the change. The rapid and positive development of this large part of the state is of vital interest to the citizens of all sections.

The hand of friendship and helpfulness extended now will not only contribute to this mutual interest, but will result in a closer fellowship and better understanding in the years to come. The time to give that hand is when the people up north need it most, and that is now. When they have solved the problem through their own untiring efforts and at the expense of a tremendous sacrifice and no longer need the practical encouragement of their neighbors to the south the friendship then extended will be meaningless and perfunctory.

The question now, "What can I do?" and its answer met with prompt action in fulfilment thereof will be worth more than all the exclamations, "How glad I am that you won out!" which may come after the accomplishment of their task.

ARE YOU A PATRIOT?

Does it mean anything to you that you are living in Wisconsin rather than in some other state? Do you fully appreciate the splendid opportunities that Wisconsin offers to you and to every other citizen, regardless of your business or profession? Or are you one of those who think that patriotism is something to be trotted out for show only when the flag goes marching by or in the frenzied shouting of wartimes?

The mere fact that you are reading this editorial, that you have enough interest in Wisconsin to read this magazine is sufficient answer to any of the above questions. Of course you believe in Wisconsin. Of course you realize that patriotism begins at the home base and while it may extend to your allegiance to our beloved United States, and even extend farther to include a warm sympathy for the troubles and problems of other nations and their peoples, your best effort, your best thought, your warmest enthusiasm is given to your own state—our state—Wisconsin.

You want to see Wisconsin in the foremost ranks of the state. You want to see harmony and fair play prevail in Wisconsin. You want everybody to get a square deal, as well as a square meal, in Wisconsin. You want everybody to get as close to one hundred percent enjoyment out of Wisconsin as it is possible, the imperfections of human nature and of our social and economic organization considered.

So far you agree with us. That is our program. Read the foregoing synopsis of the purpose of our magazine as we see it. If you are sufficiently interested, write us and let us have your ideas. They may help us to accomplish those purposes. Furthermore, you can give us your active support by staying with us in the work we are trying to do and by telling your friends about the magazine. It is a unique undertaking, and a difficult one, not without its griefs and disappointments, and we must have strong, active participating friends to make it effective.

Transplanting Squirrels

By Theo. H. Scheffer

TO MAKE two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is an overworked slogan; for sometimes even the single blade is where no one wants it and, again, the additional plant may crowd its neighbors to extinction. But trees were made for squirrels and ponds for frogs, and if these things are not in their proper relationships it is because we folks have interfered too much with nature's programs.

Even a diet of grasshoppers and wild honey did not make a naturalist of the old time prophet, but it may have contributed to the frame of mind which led him to preach repentance. This leads us to observe that many of those who very recently have been urging conservation of our wild life were formerly accustomed to getting the bag limit and more than a full feed of roast venison and truffied grouse, whatever that may be in culinary parlance. This much may be said, without implicating the author, who is willing to risk the claim that he never took any game which he did not eat, or try to eat, both in kind and quantity, sharing the gravy perhaps with the more fastidious members of his immediate family.

This little contribution to nature lore is written, then, not in a spirit of repentance and remorse, but with the thought that it may help to restore one of the relationships which we have very generally disturbed—that existing between the tree and the squirrel. For while there is many a nearby grove that has not heard the chatter of chickarees or banner-tail in years, there is also many a squirrel

> That's born in forests far and green
> To whisk its whiskers all unseen.

This with profuse apologies to the author of a certain well known elegy!

It may be that there is nothing particularly new in the methods and suggestions herein given on taking squirrels uninjured for restocking purposes; but we venture to offer them anyhow, as the results of investigations personally conducted for the benefit of *Sciurus griseus* and his kind.

Locating the Squirrels

Even the shyest squirrels have not yet learned that silence is golden, while speech may be lead. The investigator who works alone, moving with deliberation and caution through the woods, senses atingle, will discover sooner or later the home trees and the feeding locations of the entire squirrel population on his route. Red squirrels, gray squirrels, fox squirrels — all have their calls of recognition, challenge and alarm which will betray their presence to the alert observer. The latter himself, in his stealthy movements and statuesque poses in fancied hiding, is often the cause of the ill-suppressed excitement in squirreldom. Stalking squirrels in the early morning, or from late afternoon to evening, has its particular advantages; because at those times the little tree-dwellers are

He's in here alright!

abroad more than in midday and the other interesting wood folk are going on or off shift. The coming and going of the squirrels then will betray the locations of the home nests in certain tree hollows or, particularly during the summer, in baskets of leaves and sticks securely lodged in the forks and tangled vines.

Like the citizen commuter from the suburbs, the squirrel usually lunches on high stools, were he regales himself on the fruits of the season with lessened fear of molestation. But again without consideration of safety from the human prowler, he scatters the crumbs from stump, fence stake, or tree stub so recklessly as to indicate the exact location of his lunch counter. And just here is his second undoing — first his indiscreet chattering; for where the squirrel makes his repast once he will dine again so long as the local supply of food lasts. Depend upon it! The freshness of the scattered remains of feasting is, therefore, a guide to placing the traps where the tempting baits will soonest attract. The squirrel is not inclined to nibble here and there, but for a time resorts again and again to each newly discovered food supply. This may be the nuts, mast, or cones on certain trees; buried treasures in the leaves and mold; seeds, berries, and occasionally fungi. Sometimes, in the coniferous forests, the little rodent's precise haunts may be inferred from the "squirrel candy" — white, freshly peeled twigs strewn among the needles on the ground. This is particularly true of the beautiful Abert's squirrel of the Southwest.

Alack for his reputation, the squirrel's presence may also sometimes be known by his depredations in the edges of the farmer's cornfield! But who would respect a squirrel if he was too fastidious or scrupulous to feast on American maize, especially in the tender roasting ear stage? Again, in a limited district of our northwest coast country, the local gray squirrel's disgrace is sometimes heralded afar by dead fir tops on the sky line, or by white glistening patches where the bark has more recently been stripped from the younger trees for food. In extenuation of this regrettable habit it may be said that, for the squirrel, it is either eat bark in late winter and early spring or abandon the advance posts of its most northern habitat. No other suitable food seems to be available at the periods mentioned.

If trapped anywhere for restocking purposes, it would seem that squirrels might the more properly be secured in localities where they have become troublesome by reason of their food habits; provided they can be transplanted to other locations where they may adapt themselves without need or opportunity of trespassing on our assumed rights.

Securing the Squirrels.

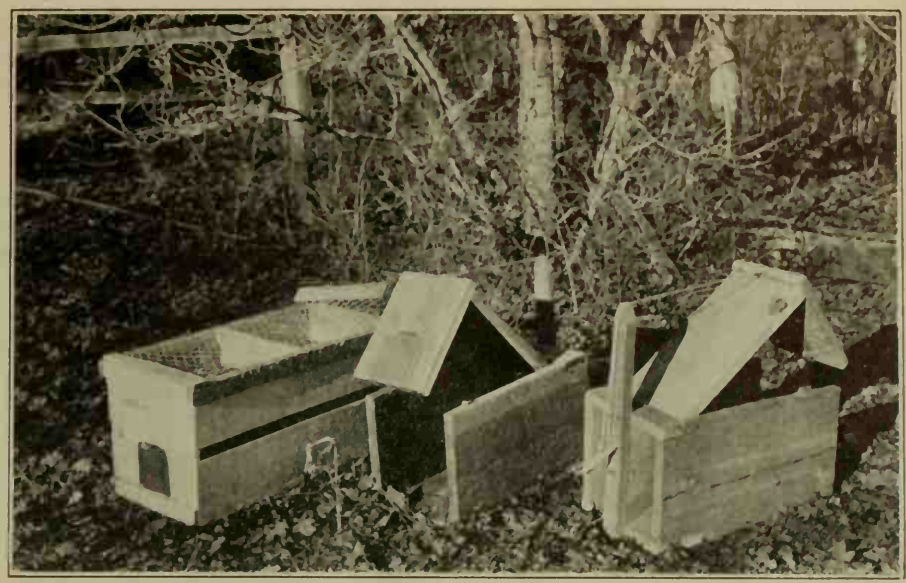
It goes without saying that squirrels which are to be removed from their native trees to groves remote, must be taken without physical injury. It is further desirable that they be spared as much as possible the shock of sudden fright. Even with the most careful handling some squirrels, like many other creatures of the wild, are likely to succumb in cap-

tivity to a complex of mental strains which no one seems fully to understand.

In the experience of the writer no plan for taking squirrels uninjured has proved so satisfactory as the use of properly constructed box traps. One such trap is illustrated herewith. The general plan of the thing may date back to the cave boy who made it from a hollow log, but the model shown here has two or three features which especially adapt it to catching squirrels. One is the cupboard catch which holds the lid down, when the trap is sprung, without the need of cumbersome weights. Another is the use of wire netting at the back of the trap, instead of an end piece of board. This not only encourages the squirrel to enter the trap with less fear, but presents to the imprisoned animal an apparently easy avenue of escape and diverts attention from the real opportunity for gnawing its way out at the cracks in the box. A third feature of special advantage is the small sliding door of sheet metal in the front end of the trap through which the captive squirrel may be allowed to pass, with little fuss and consequent alarm, to a screened enclosure or a shipping crate. If any one of my readers has ever attempted to transfer a squirrel from a box trap to some other container, he will appreciate the value of the little slide door. Quick as lightning, strong beyond its strength, savage in the use of it teeth—that's the frightened squirrel! Yet when once this fear is overcome and confidence in man's kindly intent is inspired no other wild animal makes a more companionable pet than the saucy, frisking squirrel.

As indicated above, the box traps should be set close to the home trees of the squirrel or where the fresher signs of feasting from day to day are noted. In our experience no better bait can be found than apple; not the little green kind that causes the laden branches of the parent tree to sigh as if with internal misgivings, but the kind that is fragrant and tasty. A quarter to a half of such an apple on the trigger and a few bits of peeling scattered from the interior of the trap to the outside and beyond for a few feet, will usually turn the trick. A trail of corn grains leading toward the trap from some distance will help matters along. A good substitute for the apple may be found in short sections of corn ears, green or ripe, with the trigger stick thrust through the pith of the cob.

The traps should be visited about noon and again as late in the evening as the squirrels are likely to be about. An early morning call also may prove worth while; for one of the many small prowlers of the night may have sprung a trap, or at least stolen the bait. If much annoyance of this sort occurs it would be well to close the traps at the time of the evening visit.



Traps and shipping crate for taking and shipping squirrels alive and uninjured.

Handling the Squirrels.

When found in the trap, a squirrel should be cared for promptly, without being subjected to unnecessary fright. The cage or shipping crate must be darkened as much as possible consistent with good ventilation; for the imprisoned animal is prone to injure itself by lunging against the wire netting or bars, especially if the most likely avenue of escape is overhead, the direction sought by the squirrel from instinct.

An ordinary egg case lined, top, bottom, and sides with a continuous strip of small mesh poultry netting, or with hail screen, makes a good shipping crate for two squirrels if the partition be included. Such a crate is easily secured anywhere; is light, strong enough for the purpose, convenient to handle, and will be returned to the shipper, if desired, at a special low express rate. The top boards of the crate are omitted, but the wire screen there must be partly or wholly covered with porous burlap while being handled and in transit. The crack between the two boards of each side, protected by the screen on the inside, will usually suffice for ventilation. The crate will be still better adapted to its purpose if each end has a slide door like that in the end of the trap.

A little straw in the bottom of the crate will better the sanitary conditions for the squirrel. If succulent food can be given the animal for its journey, no water need be supplied. It is indeed difficult to give any small animal water for a journey, without making its quarters unsanitary. When the squirrels are to be released in the screened enclosure of a park, instead of in the open woods, a secluded hiding place must be provided for the little animals until they get acquainted with their new surroundings. When turned loose in a grove, too, they should be provided with shelter unless some natural retreat is available. Otherwise they are not likely to remain where you have placed them, but will seek homes elsewhere.

The less delay in transferring squirrels from the traps to their new homes, the smaller the loss of stock. Some of them will not endure for long the restraints of close confinement in good quarters, while others will rough it through when conditions are worse. Why these individual differences in reaction to sudden changes of condition and environment is a matter of some conjecture and more theory. Some differences are probably seasonal. Certainly the younger animals should prove to be the more readily handled, provided they are old enough to subsist on the food we may have to offer them.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

Of all the woodsprites that may haunt
The hollow, dell, or dingle,
Guess which, to be my sylvan love,
From all the rest I'd single!

'Tis Jack, who in his pulpit quaint,
Tricked out so trim and neatly,
My eerie fancy captures quite,
And holds my heart completely.

I love him for his pixie-pomp,
His form so debonair;
Ah! had I but such simple grace,
Might I such trappings wear!

I love him for his impish charm,
The witching wildwood elf;
But most of all I love him for
His sermons—kept to self.

—Ellen Hammond.

Wisconsin Indian Pageant

By John H. Deniston

"KE-WA-DE-NO-KWA," the play that is being staged on Red Cliff Bay, on the Bayfield Peninsula, in Lake Superior, is one of more than local interest. It belongs to Wisconsin in location, in its identity with early Wisconsin history and in its harmony with the spirit of that history that has had such influence upon the destinies of the "grand, old Badger state."

But more, it is, as its author and producer planned it to be, "a pageant of the Great Northwest" reproducing many of the thrilling scenes of the time when the history of the northwest was being made on territory that now belongs to Wisconsin.

The author and producer of the play, Mr. Kenneth M. Ellis, himself a genius of Badger State production, has, with a fine feeling and imagination that enables him to live and write in sentimental harmony with the age he is depicting, in fact, cut a segment out of seventeenth century history and set it down, with the taste of a skilful lapidary, in a most entrancing and tranquil spot in the bustling twentieth century.

It is a story of empire, of political intrigue, of daring, of love and romance; a spectacular reproduction of the plots and adventures, explorations and discoveries of that early time visualized in a natural cirque lying between a green forest and the mirror-like waters of Lake Superior. A more beautiful spot could not have been found for it, anywhere. It seems to the beholder that this cirque was so made and placed for just such a use, although it has been lying here all these centuries awaiting the combination of sentiment, enterprise and popular demand that has at last created it.

French Court Lady, during the reign of Louis XIV.

And the pageant is here. The play is cast, the stage cleared, the necessary buildings, docks, paraphernalia, costumes, etc., etc., have been provided and, as this is being written, the training of the players has begun. Full two weeks of rehearsals have been planned and when the play begins, Aug. 1st, it will be a surprise to most if not to all of those who witness it.

Here will be mixed but skilfully displayed in place and order, in the various acts, personages and the trappings of royalty, soldiers, courtiers, ministers and ladies from the court of Louis XIV, with savages and voyageurs, missionaries and frontiersmen, silks and wigs and laces, with war clubs, scalp locks and calumets, the pomp of the old world with the crude and untamed wilderness.

It taxes genius and takes money to produce a pageant such as this. It is no small feat to dream a dream of this magnitude into reality in less than a year. The pageant people, Mr. L. E. McKenzie, the general manager, the pageant master, Mr. Ellis, the corporation officers who have raised the money and paid the bills, the people of Bayfield, Washburn, Ashland, Mellen, Phillips, Hayward, Superior and Duluth, and many other Wisconsin cities and hamlets will be given credit for enterprise, it is safe to predict, by the many visitors who are coming.

Great publicity and tremendous correspondence foretell the success that must result from the crowds of visitors who have said they would be here and many other states will spill their tourists into Wisconsin's lap this year as a result of this Indian pageant.

Aside from ths pageant proper, there will be other attractions:

The 105th Cavalry Band, twenty-five pieces, mounted, furnish music for the pageant crowds for the entire three weeks and vie with the native tom tom in causing the ethereal waves to vibrate.

English "Dandy" 1660–1690.

It is expected, also, that the United States naval reserves will give their drills and special maneuvers in the waters in front of the pageant grounds.

The Indians, moreover, will be here, all their kin's kin from surrounding states and some from the Dakotas and from Oklahoma, and these will be a side show in themselves.

The dances for the pageant play have been prepared by Lucile Stoddart, of Milwaukee, whose proven ability in such production will be sufficient guarantee of their acceptability and quality.

If there were no play at all, a trip to the Apostle Islands would be well worth while; so rare a treat of water vistas, picturesques shorelines, wave-formed caverns, sculptured rocks, combined with a flawless summer climate where mosquitoes are well nigh an unknown quantity and where hay fever can be forgotten, can be found in but few places in this world and this is the most accessible one of them.

If the summerland and play were both forgotten the collection of Indian goods, beads, feathers, tribal heirlooms, the playgear, costumes, furbelows, folderols and

The Pageant Master maps out the huge arena. This picture was taken last winter. Bayfield is somewhat different in summer.

dandies' duds that have been here assembled would still be a unique sight worth the trip and, safe to say, one that would not be found elsewhere on the continent. The pageant master estimates the value of this picturesque "scenery" alone at over forty thousand dollars. Much of it has been difficult to attain, as well as costly.

But the visitors need not worry; that has all been done and over with—it caused worry, and doubt as to its realization at times, even to its authors, but it is here, made and waiting, which is the chief thing now of interest, for the thousands who will enjoy it. It is not only the biggest thing of the kind in the United States this year but is certainly the biggest stunt of this nature ever attempted in the territory that was the great Northwest, unknown and boundless, now the heart of the Continent and the seat of wealth.

We've done our part and, we believe that the great appreciative public, that enjoys something "different" at least once in a while will do the rest—we believe you will!

BEGONIA IN AUGUST

O royal month, defend thy stronghold here!
What though the time for Summer's flight be near?
With flaming trumpet ring out valiantly
A last defiance to the changing year!

—*Aldis Dunbar*

Native Plants for Wisconsin Gardens

By Huron H. Smith

Each state eventually develops its own style of rural architecture and gardening. The composition of the Wisconsin garden must be the simple, beautiful style of the region in which the horizontal lines of the prairie blend with the rolling oak wood-lands, which in turn merge with the pine and hardwood forests set with their numerous lakes. Jens Jenson has described the spirit of our gardens in the following words: "There may be something clanish in making a composition out of simple native plants, but, remember, that it was amongst them we grew up, they taught a certain language to us that had been taught ever since the race came to life, they are woven into the soul of the race and no art in landscape gardening can be called a fine art or can express the voice of the race, unless it is expressed with just such things that are vital to the peoples that live amongst them. Only in this way will it ever be possible to fill the world with joy and pleasure, when each in his own simple way produces the best out of his own material and from the best that is within him."

The individual who anticipates such a garden will study the local landscape and copy portions of the mass composition that he finds there to harmonize his garden with the surroundings. There are, however, certain fundamental principals underlying this composition about which he will do well to consult a landscape architect. Having then decided upon the plan of the garden, he can gradually bring the trees, shrubs, and vines from the surrounding fields and compose his garden. Then later mass the native flowers among the shrubbery according to their demands for shade or sun. Naturally there are certain seasons for transplanting these plants to secure the best results, likewise certain methods of transplanting and pruning to insure the best growth. This general information concerning transplanting and pruning can be obtained from the nurseryman or other experienced member of the community. On the other hand, the garden maker who does not have either the time or the inclination to secure his plants from the fields can purchase them direct from the nursery. Most of the responsible nursery companies are making a specialty of selecting and propagating the native trees and shrubs and can furnish well-developed, pruned stock at a nominal charge.

The person fortunate enough to have a wood-lot may have a wild garden excelling all man-made gardens by simply fencing off a portion and gradually cutting out part of the trees to admit light enough for flowers but not enough for grass. The native briers and vines will soon cover the fences, giving shelter and protection for the birds; the native shrubs will mass in the open glades; and soon the native flowers, hepaticas, bloodroot, dutchmans bretches, trilliums, blue phlox, shooting stars, and many more, will carpet the ground beneath the trees. Is there any better play ground, picnic spot, and wild garden or one that can be produced with less expense?

Finally, the native plants are hardy and free from disease. The trees, shrubs, and flowers common to the locality are winter hardy and need no special care or protection to withstand the severe winter climate. This is an important factor not only in garden economy but the beauty of the garden as well. The native plants likewise resist the common disease of the region. For instance, the European white birch is killed by insect attack, the native white birch is generally unharmed; the imported crab apple varieties are especially subject to fire blight, the wild native crab apples are relatively free from the disease; the European gooseberry is made worthless by mildew, the native species do not mildew; the introduced rose varieties are defoliated by mildew, the native species are not molested; and so it is with most of our garden plants. The native species, through constant, extended association with the disease germs have developed a resistance to pests and disease by the process of natural selection. Why introduce then the unusual, expensive tree shrub, or flower, which does not harmonize with the landscape, which does not grow well in this locality, and which does not resist disease; when the native varieties blend with the landscape, can be had at little or no expense, and are hardy and disease resistant and thus cost little to maintain?

"And so it is with gardens", quoting again from Jens Jensen; "they express to a degree the cultural life of its people and happy is that race which does not forget its simple folk songs and the homely hazel along the country roads."

You cannot believe in honor until you have achieved it. Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world.

—*George Bernard Shaw*

Nashoba, The Beautiful

By J. H. Lewis

SEVERAL years ago a Platteville zinc mining man, then the president and general manager of a zinc mine in operation near Cuba City, took a fishing trip into the woods of northern Wisconsin. The constantly flowing line of automobiles carrying tourists in and out of the state, most on pleasure bent, started Charles Wolf to thinking that as highways improved in character, and became more numerous, Wisconsin was destined to become the great playground of the nation, and when he returned to Platteville his experience became the incentive to a great undertaking. It would require a large amount of money, but he knew from his work as a mine owner and manager that through cooperation he could secure the financial means necessary to his undertaking.

Ben Doscher, Platteville, Wisconsin, one of the owners of Nashoba the Beautiful resort established on Big Lake Chetac. Shown here holding up a string of 52 brook trout caught by a party of fishermen in one day, in the trout pools of the resort. Mr. Doscher is a great hunter and fisherman and is active in the work of conservation, often working for hours in the sloughs rescuing small game fish and transferring them into live waters. A good contributor to undertakings which have for their incentive the greater development of fishing and game preserves.

Briefly stated Charley Wolf was going to establish a great brook trout hatchery in the north woods, and a summer resort, for the summer resort that must become popular must also have the reputation of being in country where good fishing grounds are plentiful. Iowa men, friends of Wolf, fell in with his project, and Platteville men also regarded it with favor, and so the Platteville Hatchery Boys became organized as a company and are today invested with a project which is destined to become famous.

Charley Wolf liked the timber region, around Big Lake Chetac in Sawyer county and began negotiations for a site. One hundred acres of land was purchased, bordering on the lake. Almost through the very center of this well timbered tract of land ran a fine spring-fed brook. Out in the lake was an island containing 28 acres of well wooded land. He bought this also. At the fountain head of his stream he planned a great private brook trout hatchery.

This was five years ago. The stream was dammed and great trout pools were formed. Out on the island the big undertaking would be the propagation of all kinds of water fowl. The plan Charley Wolf proposed to his boys was this: Each man coming into the organization must buy one acre of land. For this the buyer was to pay $1,000 in cash. The company in turn agreed to build a substantial four-room cottage on the lake, or bordering on the trout run, as pleased the fancy of the buyer.

View Taken from the Lake.

It was not long before Wolf had many associates as well as money and he went ahead with his plans, in businesslike fashion. He became so fully obsessed with the value and importance of his project that he gave up the mining business, sold out his home in Platteville and with his wife moved to Lake Chetac, where they intend to reside permanently.

How well he has succeeded with the hatchery may be easily understood when it is known that recently a consignment of 2,000,000 baby trout was sold to the state of Maine. Running into Lake Chetac are four good sized streams of water. Wolf and his associates have planted hundreds of thousands of

trout in these streams with which they have no connection, proving they are good sports, and people coming into that country can have good trout fishing at the expense of the Platteville Hatchery Boys. In the past two years a summer resort hotel has been built on the lake. Fourteen cottages have been built, and more are now in process of construction. A name was necessary for the resort and after conferring with the Indian folk in that region the name "Nashoba, the Beautiful", was adopted. According to the Indians Nashoba means "beautiful wild land". It is much today as it was when laid down by the Great Architect of the universe, in aeons gone by.

The Boat Landings.

In the earlier periods it was the favorite haunt of dusky Indian warriors and Indian maidens, and to this day it is well inhabited by the furry denizens of the forest. Pheasants and wild ducks and loons abide by the waters of Lake Chetac and inland bays for breeding places. The entire lake is surrounded with a dense growth of virgin woodland, fringed with spruce, pine and balsam, and a more ideal spot for a real summer outing it would be difficult to locate. The small streams near by, many small canyons filled with natural beauty, which tourists and visitors may explore in safety, good boating, bathing, fishing, and exploring, the woods and points of interest nearby, all contribute toward the interest of those who would see the best part of Wisconsin's picnic grounds. In the autumn of the year, the forests are a riot of inimitable colors, and it is said by those who have tarried well into the autumn that at this season of the year Nashoba is at its best.

Lake Chetac is nine miles long and two miles wide. It is a region where may be found numerous streams and lakes of varying sizes and shapes, all well inhabited with wall-eyed pike, perch, blue gill, crappies, muskellunge, large and small mouth bass. The use of guides are necessary in this country,—the angler's paradise. There are not many spots in Wisconsin covered with virgin forests. The ruthless maw of the lumberman's saw has long since eaten its way through the tall, majestic beauties of the tree-clad plain, but Nashoba still boasts of one of the first forests of

the land and **Mr. Wolf and his associates have long since agreed that except for the clearing away of underbrush the forest at Nashoba must remain as laid down by the hand of Nature.**

Nashoba is the home of the brook trout, because here they are now being hatched by the millions, for planting in the streams near at hand and for commercial purposes. If ever a plan was formulated most skillfully designed to bring tourists into Wisconsin in unceasing numbers it is this of stocking our streams with the toothsome trout. Once the reputation has been established throughout the nation that Wisconsin leads the world in the number of trout-stocked streams, summer resort hotels will have to be built skyscraper fashion. Ideally located, Wisconsin with matchless trout fishing available, and good highways, will each year attract tourists from over a wide area of the Central West. It is not astonishing that we find here cottages owned and occupied by people from as far east as New York state. Many Chicago people of means have taken very kindly to the summer outing places offered in Wisconsin. There is no need here of evening attire or the conventional dress of the more conventional resorts. Here you wear your fishing or hunting regalia and when the day's delights end, lounging about in common duds is as much a source of enjoyment as indulging in the advantages that summer here holds.

The preferred route for those traveling by automobile from the south into Sawyer county is highway 22 to La Crosse, then on 11 to Rice Lake. From Rice Lake the trunk line known as "C" leading to Birchwood postoffice takes one conveniently close to the Platteville resort. Those coming from the west take 14 across to Cameron, change to 11 into Rice Lake and thence on highway "C". Those coming from the east or from eastern states take the shortest route to No. 11 and follow the instructions as set out here. In addition to the well maintained highways both the Soo and Northwestern railways run into this enchanted northern region.

Nashoba is 400 miles from Chicago, over 300 miles from Milwaukee and 200 miles from St. Paul. The latitude is far enough north to insure good summer weather during the heated term and where cool nights lull the vacation hunter into peaceful slumber. Also this country is well known as mosquito-free territory, another pleasant thing to contemplate. Many a delightful excursion has been broken up by these Hawaiian singers.

Like all well established resorts there are good boats for those who care to enjoy them, most of them with heavy plank ends so that outside motors can be used. Guides are to be found near by. They come into camp as soon as the tourists arrive and remain all summer. Folks who care to patronize the Platte-

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A Shady Nook on the Point.

A Lake Scene.

Is This the Oldest Concrete Community?

Wisconsin Boasts Group of Buildings Constructed in 1843 and Still in Service Today

A magazine headline querying, "Is This the Oldest Concrete House in America?" An old picture post card carrying a half tone of what it claimed to be "Wisconsin's oldest concrete building." Add these together, multiply by hours spent in scanning pages of history, talking with men and women who can always remember when the 'building' stood where it does today, yet who have passed the mark of three score and ten. There you have romance, and out of that romance comes the following story, not of America's oldest concrete house, but of America's oldest concrete community.

Above is shown the old Milton House, built of concrete in 1843. To the right is another member of what is believed to be the oldest concrete community in America.

Our search starts in Milwaukee and lead us southwestward over miles of concrete road to the village of Milton in Rock county, Wisconsin. Here stands the Milton House, Wisconsin's oldest concrete building, constructed in the summer of 1843 by Joseph Goodrich, then a leader in this thriving community, known to all as "Uncle Joe," yet considered by most as a father. Yet the search for concrete buildings of uncertain age was not ended at the Milton House. In fact, this building, was but a beginning, a pattern that served for numerous others of similar construction.

But the story of the Milton House and its concrete successors cannot be told without a bit of history. At least it was told to me in that manner and became more interesting for the telling.

Joseph Goodrich, whose ancestry traces back to Goodrich Castle, England, was born at Hancock, Massachusetts, in the year 1800. Emigration to the then wilderness of western New York state evidently served to whet his appetite for adventure, for in 1838, with two neighbors, he started west, landing in Milwaukee on July 11. From there the journey westward was by foot, Goodrich carrying over his shoulder a spade to test the quality of soil as the party progressed. He was quite fleshy, the weather was warm, and arriving at the district then called Prairie du Sac on July 16, the party decided to stop and take up land, as the spade test showed the soil to be rich and fertile. Finding that his claim was on an air line from Chicago to Madison and from Janesville to Fort Atkinson, Goodrich decided to found a village where the two lines crossed. A small frame house being erected, Goodrich went east and that winter brought his wife and family to the newly founded town of Milton. The dwelling which had been prepared for their coming was a crude shack 16 feet by 20 feet and served not only as a home, but as a store, post office and hotel. It was this latter business that prompted the erection of the present day Milton House.

Being on two main traveled highways, the small frame shack, together with an addition which was put on, proved far too small to house the travelers who were wont to spend the night at Milton. Foresight on the part of Joseph Goodrich was undoubtedly responsible for the erection of the concrete building known as the Milton House. He was an inveterate reader, and it is said of him in Butterfield's history of Rock County, Wisconsin, that "His large and hospitable soul welcomed every new truth, every discovery in science, every practical invention as something added to the general welfare and happiness of men. He was always in advance of public opinion. . . ."

Exact dates and methods used in the construction of the Milton House and other concrete buildings in the village are available only verbally. It is surprising that little has been written about it, but careful search through the well ordered files of the Wisconsin Historical Society brings forth but casual mention. Evidently concrete construction in those days was considered but a passing flight of fancy. The most authentic information comes from G. L. Shumway, whose father emigrated to Milton in the year 1843, and who recalls hearing his father tell of the Milton House being completed shortly after his arrival. The old hotel, which was originally hexagonal in shape, was constructed in much the same man-

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The Wish Fairies

By Alice Lutes

YOU have to go where the fairies live, you know, if you want to find out anything about them. So that is just what I did yesterday. I was in a cool, shady woods where there were lots and lots of pretty, green ferns, and fairies live under them, it is said.

Of course they never let anyone see them, no matter how hard they may look for them. But one day little Bethie, a dear, little, brown-eyed girl, saw them, and this is how it came about:

One, hot July day, she went out with her auntie Margarete to spend the day in the woods. They took a nice lunch and some lemons and sugar to make lemonade with. Auntie Margarete took her very best book, and some sewing, and Bethie took her nicest dolly, Ninia Marie, and her new book of fairy tales.

After putting up the hammock between two small maple trees, they went to hunt wild flowers.

"Auntie, my fairy book says that fairies live under ferns," said Bethie, gently raising up a pretty fern leaf and looking under it closely. "So, maybe we shouldn't take them. 'Cause where will they live if we do?"

"Oh, they aren't under there now, goosie. They just come at night to dance under them in the moonlight. They fly away as soon as daylight comes," smiled Auntie.

When they went back to where the hammock was, they ate their lunch, and then got their books out to read and rest awhile. Auntie lay in the hammock and Bethie on a rug which she had spread on the soft grass near a clump of ferns.

She read awhile about a lovely, white fairy who lived under just such a bunch of ferns as those near which she was lying, and presently she peeped under them to see if there were any fairies there yet, but saw nothing only two, little, white butterflies fluttering over the ferns.

She lay there watching them for a few moments, then said sleepily:

"I wish I could go to Fairyland and see the Queen. Sometimes I wonder if there really are fairies, for I've looked carefully under every fern I came to today and never saw even one."

"And yet you have been looking at two of us for the last five minutes," laughed one of the little, white butterflies. "Why, you children see us fairies every day but don't know it, for we change ourselves into butterflies and things during the daytime. We white butterflies are Wish Fairies and grant wishes to children who believe in us. But you may not see us as we really are until we change you into a fairy like ourselves."

"Oh! Change me into a fairy, then, so that I can see you!" cried Bethie, sitting up quickly and brushing the tumbled curls from her eyes.

"Very well, since you believe in us," said the White Butterfly, coming toward her. It circled around her three times, then dropped some white powder from its wings on her brown curls. Instantly, Bethie became a beautiful fairy dressed in soft, white silk and sparkling dew-drop diamonds. The two butterflies changed themselves into fairies just like her.

"This is the way we look when we dance under the ferns in the moonlight," said the fairies, dancing about on the fern leaves near which Bethie had been lying only a moment ago. "But all the Wish Fairies are changed into white butterflies in daytime. Come with us, now, and we will go to see the queen."

Away they flew, all changing into white butterflies as they fluttered from the fern leaves to a bunch of lovely, white daisies in a meadow near. And there, seated among the sweet, white blossoms, was a fairy much larger and lovelier than the other two.

"Royal Queen," said one of the fairies, "we have brought a little girl who believes in us to see you and she would like to hear all about us and our Fairyland."

"I am indeed glad to know that there is a child that still believes in us," said the Queen, rising to her feet.

"First you will want to meet my subjects and see how they all look in day time to little boys and girls who do not know they are fairies and even kill some of them. I will call them now," and she blew three times on a white morning-glory horn.

Instantly, hundreds of butterflies, fireflies and dragon flies, or "snake feeders," swarmed about her, but were all changed into lovely fairies like themselves a moment the Queen held up her wand and cried, "All change!"

"I send all these fairies everywhere to do things for me," continued the Queen, turning to Bethie. "So they are all changed as you saw them when I called them with my magic horn. But at night if the moon shines, we gather in the woods under the ferns to have a grand ball, and we all look as we do now.

"Once upon a time, I had a lovely jewel in which there was every color in the world. With this gem I used to touch children's eyes while they slept, to make them believe in us. But the wicked fairy, who is called The Dark Witch, stole it from me because she doesn't want children to love or believe in us. She stays hidden under toadstools in daytime but comes out at night and changes herself into an ugly bat. It is she who puts tangles into children's hair and ties knots in their shoe strings.

"I send my Night Fairies out everywhere with their flashlights to find her and make her give back my magic jewel, but they aven't found her yet. "Sometimes, when children catch my Night Fairies with flashlights, they turn themselves into fireflies, but they are really fairies. So you must tell the children not to harm them, Bethie, when you get back to the land of mortals.

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Mayor of His City at Fourteen

How a Group of Boy Scouts Ran Their City Government

By A. E. Cummings

Photo by courtesy of Larson Studio, Beloit.

Left to right, standing: City Treasurer, Clerk, Sealer, Scout Executive, City Engineer; Seated: Justice of the Peace, Mayor, Alderman.

To run the city in which you live, for a day—what a chance! To choose your own mayor, aldermen, and all the officials necessary to make the wheels of a successful city government function without friction—that was the experience of a group of Boy Scouts in Beloit, Wisconsin. First of all, the city's mayor set aside the date for the event in the following manner:

"Whereas the Beloit branch of the Boy Scouts of America has as one of its civic duties recently made as a part of its constructive work the study of civil government: and

"Whereas to make this more effective they have organized and elected a complete set of officials from their ranks for each of the city offices,

"Therefore, to give them the actual practice and further school them in the duties of city government, I hereby set aside Friday, April 25, as 'Boy Scout Government Day.' Each boy elected is to tentatively assume the official duties of the office to which he has been elected and each city official will advise and instruct the boy in the duties of the office so far as possible during the day."

Through the efforts of Scout Executive E. L. Rice, a course of study—in three lessons—on civil law and city government was given to the boys. After passing their examinations, the Scouts started to campaign the city for possible candidates.

Two boys on the east side were put up for mayor, and one on the west side. The two east side boys realized that they were weakening their forces by running against each other, and for that reason held a caucus to decide which was the stronger candidate. By lining the Scouts up on opposite sides of the room, it was discovered that Scout Robert Beherns had more on his side, so the other candidate withdrew.

Posters were put in all the street cars and in prominent places in store windows to advertise the coming elections. South Beloit and Roscoe Scouts, included in the Beloit branch, received literature about the qualifications of the candidates, and went to Beloit to attend several mass-meetings to hear the Scouts speak.

All the cards and literature used were printed by the Scouts on the Central High School printing presses.

"The boys took the whole thing very seriously," said the Scout Executive, "and those running for office had to familiarize themselves with the duties of the office which they were interested in. The Chief of Police gave the Scout candidates for that office a test. The Fire Chief also tested some Scouts, and so on down the line, so that all the boys were well qualified for office in their particular field."

At the final mass-meeting, the candidates for office gave their platforms. After the speeches, the voting took place by ballot, and the successful candidates were announced. Scout Ted Thomson of the west side won by about seven votes over Robert Behern of the east side for the position of mayor. The defeated candidate protested the election on the grounds that the votes sent in through the mail by the Roscoe boys were illegal. The Roscoe boys had been unable to attend the meeting because of a local basketball game, and had sent their votes in by mail. The Scout Mayor appointed his opponent city attorney so that he might look up the law regarding votes sent through the mail.

On being interviewed, the Scout Mayor said, "You know I have a hard time keeping my temper, but I knew I had to keep cool during that meeting, and not get mad. My opponent told a joke on me, but I laughed it off just like the rest of the fellows." On being asked what the joke was, he said, "Well, he said that I was walking down the street when I heard two men talking about a mayor, and that I immediately swelled up and turned around and went back to listen, and heard one of the men say, 'Yes, I knew her when she was a colt, and was blind in one eye.'"

Scout Mayor Ted Thomson is fourteen years old, and a sophomore in high school. He is about five feet tall, blond, with a regular Scout smile. He's a good sport too, and always ready for fun. He did not win his election alone on popularity, but on the fact that he made an exhaustive study of the office for which he was running, so that he would be familiar with its problems. When he is of age, he wants to do some civic work, perhaps commencing as an alderman.

In his platform, which he wrote himself without any assistance, Ted Thomson made several good points, and showed his ability to use initiative in its preparation. He must have been thinking about improvements for some time for the following statements show keen observation:

"I stand on a platform which will make Beloit the Best City in this state.

1. Best, because not handicapped by experimental projects. Although I am a progressive, I do not believe that we should try any new undeveloped projects.

2. Best, because freed from taxation on such projects.

3. Best, because lacking in none of the modern worthwhile advantages.

I stand on a platform of no promises, that is, I make no pledge that I will do this or that. My only pledge and my whole platform is, that if I am elected, and I know I will be (?), I shall honestly, openly ,and earnestly render to the City of Beloit the best that I have in me. I shall refuse to pledge myself in advance on any matters which should require more careful and thorough consideration. I do state that the following among other things should be considered.

1. Police and Fire protection and better equipment in both departments.

2. Enforcement of pool hall laws, that is, boys under eighteen prohibited from going into pool halls.

3. Better parking places and parking laws intelligently enforced and next, health laws enforced too, quarantine laws especially.

4. Problem of good roads.

"I pledge myself to work out these problems and to work for them to the best of my ability. I am acquainted with these problems to a large extent having been alderman for the past year. I alone as mayor can not promise the people this or that. The accomplishment lies generally with the people and your wishes backed by the energetic action of your officials bring the results. I pledge myself to my best efforts in carrying out your desires.

"Now to be more definite, I will enlarge on these. One thing that should be considered is our poor drainage system. There is too much surface draining. On Park avenue, for instance, there are deep ditches to carry off the water, and automobiles have to slow up to nothing an hour to cross them.

"Another thing, the tourists who come to this 'Gateway City' from the cities south of us know they are in Beloit by a sharp jolt over the bricks of Broad street. Thousands of dollars are spent by tourists in gasoline, oil, food, automobile tires, etc., every year in coming through Beloit. We can make them more welcome to Beloit by making a concrete bridge over Turtle Creek which is now too narrow for two cars to pass, and a Welcome arch which can be illumined. The Gate to the Gateway City is rusty and hanging on hinges.

"Another thing which Beloit sadly needs is a new city hall. Why? Because the city now has to pay rent to private interests for the Council Chambers and other City buildings. If we had a City hall, we could have space for the Police department, Fire department, Council Chambers, a community auditorium, etc., in one building.

"Our nice Central bridge is ruined in beauty by our river banks. They are nothing but bill boards and unhealthful..

"If elected, I promise to do my utmost to correct these evils."

At two meetings following the election, Scout Mayor Ted Thomson appointed the remaining officers.

Courtesy The Larson Studio, Beloit.

Scout Fay Root directing traffic.

On the morning of the eventful day, the sky was cloudy, threatening, hostile. By the time the boys were ready to start for Scout headquarters, the clouds had opened like a sieve, and the rain came down silently, persistently. Over eighty Scouts excused from school drifted into the headquarters and sat around in silent groups. When the mayor arrived, the boys forgot the weather, and gathered around the table to get the last directions from their chief. By noon, the sky was clear, and the freshness of the air gave the boys more pep. Every Scout was in his proper place immediately after lunch, and until five o'clock worked along with the regular city officers. The mayor made a flying trip to several of the departments so that he would be familiar with the workings of each. Upon meeting a well-known detective in the police station, the Scout Mayor said, "Oh, yes, I've heard a lot about your work; I'm going to get your pay raised."

In connection with police duties, the Scouts directed traffic, and acted as patrolmen. Over 75 automobiles were tagged because their licenses were obstructed from view.

"The police for some time have been warning people with licenses obstructed to have them fixed, and it was just sport for them to have the Scouts tag those cars," said the Scout leader.

"If there were any people in Beloit who didn't approve of Scout Government Day, they were those 75 who spent between five and six o'clock that evening at the police station paying fines for their carelessness," he added.

The Scout who went around with the City Sealer discovered that a merchant's scales were registering overweight, so that the customer was getting the benefit of more than was coming to him. The merchant was very grateful to have the error corrected, though some merchants feel that the City Sealer is an unnecessary evil, and do not welcome him very cordially when they see him coming.

One man stopped a Scout patrolman and asked him if a certain bank in the town was the best. The Scout did not commit himself to an opinion, but rather offered to take the man to the bank where he could make his own decision. When the two reached the bank, the Scout discovered that he had been talking to the president of the bank.

The members of the park board and city planning commissions took their Scouts for a tour of the city. The Scout city engineer went on a tour of inspection of bridges.

The many experiences and impressions which the Scouts felt during the four hours they were in charge of the city were adequately expressed in the council meeting held at 7:30 that evening and which was open to the public.

Sitting in solemn dignity in the same council room used by city officials, these young Americans introduced resolutions, referred the same to proper committees, and carried out the function of city government with promptness and efficiency.

"It is only tomorrow that you will be asked to bear the responsibilities of the government of the community in which you live, said Mayor E. G. Smith in a brief speech in which he explained the workings of the executive and legislative branches of city government to the Scout council.

In receiving the gavel from the mayor, Scout Ted Thomson said, "Mr. Smith, we will show you how sincerely we appreciate the privilege of governing the city

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Trees

Nature Lover Tells What We Would Miss Without Them

By John S. Donald
President, Wisconsin Chapter, Friends of Our Native Landscape

IN THIS rushing tide of civilization, do we pause to consider wood, as we should? Is it civilization, if within a century after occupying a territory, we denude it, with little concern as to waste or want or future welfare, and recklessly consume that which has required centuries for nature, uninterrupted, to produce?

Wood is the only natural resource over which man has any control in the production. Shall reason or the reverse rule as to the conservation of the remainder of our timber in Wisconsin? Shall a policy to restore rather than to ravish forestry lands be inaugurated? Aside from wood, statistics show that since 1900, more of the natural resources of the world, (iron, coal, oil) have been used than in all previous history. Stop, look, listen! Whither are we plunging?

Such is commercialism, but we know that it is not all thus and we believe that trees bring back the echo of sentiment, of love, and the spirit of the freedom of the great out of doors to every person as no other environment can.

One of the most richly endowed regions combining natural grandeur and vegetation was christened *Wisconsin*.

As Charles Harper exclaimed to a County School Board Convention last autumn, after having visited several Northern Counties, and just coming from Sturgeon Bay to Wisconsin Rapids, "Why, goodness me! If Adam and Eve could have seen Wisconsin, they never would have monkeyed with the Garden of Eden."

Trees! In Wisconsin, every man, woman, and child should appreciate them, and the following tribute to the monarch of the wood, by an unknown but ardent lover of nature, is a delightful appeal:

"Trees are the arms of Mother Earth, lifted up in worship of her Maker. Where they are, beauty dwells; where they are not, the land is ugly, though it be rich, for its richness is but greasy fatness and its gaudy raiment is but cheap imitation of forest finery.

Trees are the shelter of man and beast and bird.

They furnish the roof above us, the shade about us, and the nesting places of love and song.

They call children out to play.

They entice sweethearts into leafy coverts to seal their vows with fond caresses.

They console and gratefully reward old age.

They are the fittest ornament of wealth and the inalienable possession of the poor who can enjoy them without having title to them.

They are the masts that fly the flags of all nations and the sails of all the seas.

They are the timbers that bridge forbidding streams.

They bear the wires of the world's intelligence.

They hold the rails that carry the traffic of the continent.

They are carved and polishing furnishings of the home.

They cradle the young and coffin the dead.

These are nature's prime sources of wood; their fruits and nuts gave sustenance to the first tribes of men and are the sweetest and most nourishing of the earth's products.

Trees herald the spring with glorious banners and leaf and bloom; they clothe the autumn in garments of gold and royal purple; bared to the winter's cold, they are the harp of the winds, and they whisper the music of the infinite spaces.

Before the earth could be peopled, it was set thick with trees, and when man has run his course and the race we know has disappeared in the completeness of its mission or perishes in the destruction of its trees, the earth will spring up

(Continued on page 30)

(WANTED)

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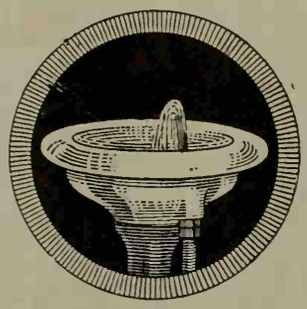

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ONE WOMAN WHO SERVED WISCONSIN

(Continued from page 8)

evidences have become a part of the archives of the Fourth Grade under the custodianship of Miss Strong.

This virile teacher received her teacher-training in the Plymouth, Vermont, Normal School, where the president was Henry P. Warren, who later became the great headmaster of Albany Academy, a "fitting school for boys of all ages." Wisconsin owes a debt of gratitude to New England for such a staunch personality as Miss Emily Strong who chose to come "West" and undertake the teaching of our boys and girls. She is living her motto, "True worth is in being, not seeming."

"And one shall never quite forget
The voice that called from dream and play,
The firm but kindly hand that set
Her feet in learning's pleasant way.

"Her's is the sober summer noon
Contrasted with your morn of spring;
The waning with the waxing moon,
The folded with the outspread wing."
—*Whittier.*

PARKS A SOCIAL NECESSITY

(Continued from page 9)

the city. We can move freight from Dakota to New York cheaper than we can get it through that city. Lettuce from Colorado reaches New York for a dollar a crate, but costs three dollars by the time it reaches the retailer, etc., etc.

This is why we are putting the Mississippi in order, and why we are preparing a waterway from Milwaukee and Chicago to the Atlantic. Congestion not only causes diseases of the mind and body, but runs up tremendous overhead charges that our productive energies cannot long endure. Therefore, our city's business is to serve the country—that is, the city and country in the division of labor involved must function together, which makes for efficiency.

It must be obvious to all that the use of land and water is the fundamental factor in all our commercial and social activities, and our first error was made in dividing the land into squares, called Sections, and dividing it among citizens, regardless of its contour, its adaptability, its accessibility, its water supply. A careful survey of a single county in Wisconsin a few years ago brought out some telling facts. It showed that the residents of certain localities had bank accounts, read the better magazines, and were members of civic associations and churches, and generally were in marked contrast with residents of other localities, who frequented saloons, were mostly illiterate, and of doubtful social value.

The latter class were invariably on poor land with bad exposures, where the human energy was wasting. Deserted or impoverished farms are comparable with city slums. The endeavor to raise corn on a hill that should be reforested is a community waste. The waste of water power o rany of our natural resources is criminal neglect. Our whole United States was zoned by Nature long before we began our vandalism, and our effort now must be to direct our energy to harmonize with those zones of nature.

These zones of nature are fundamental; they constitute the cause or reason for a city's development in certain localities. The contour of the land, the adaptability of the higher elevations to absorb rainfall and so maintain steady streams; the automatic growth of timber on such hills protecting certain valleys suitable for certain fruits or grains; the strata of iron, coal or other material close to convenient transportation; the convenient contour for a road, avoiding heavy grades—these are some of the circumstances which have determined the location of cities. A city is an effect, not a cause, and is therefore dependent upon its causes, which are regional more than local.

Had we realized this dependence in time, we should not have had the rapid growth of the city in the 19th and 20th centuries without proper regard being shown for health, convenience, and appearance in the arrangement. Our cities have resulted from a dividend seeking motive having first control. They have become plague spots of disease, dirt, degredation, festering sores of political corruption, and the by-products of an industrial revolution, representing billions of dollars worth of labor.

There has been an enormous amount of predatory wealth accumulated at the expense of the zones of nature on which we are so dependent, and our regional areas can no longer endure the tax. Our so-called prosperity has been fearfully expensive. This is not the time to discuss these various devitalizing influences, and so, will merely say that they are fairly well covered by the one word "congestion".

This congestion being a physical as well as an economic waste, impairs the city's usefulness, and to confine its development within an imaginary line called "city limits" is impractical. We must also arrange for the most economical utilization of the natural conditions and resources of the contributary areas beyond—in some instances the counties, and the state should develop in accordance with plans for the use and conservation of what is most vital to our welfare.

Natural park areas should be reserved for our homes, particularly along streams and around lakes. The platting should

be engineered, tentatively at least, by the government, so that the use of an area by numerous families will not mar the effect or influence of the whole, as these zones of nature had ordained.

Milwaukee County has prepared a plan that appears to be the solution of the biggest problem of modern times—the decentralization of population. People have been flocking to the city for years, to the detriment of both city and country. The Social Workers and the Planners have been exercising their ingenuity to the utmost, trying to solve this problem, without signal success. However, it has just occurred to us that the auto has come into such general use as to inadvertently enable us, by the co-ordination of other factors, to solve the problem by the construction of parkways, radiating from the city along the three rivers and four creeks, where the contour of the lands afford the most beautiful building sites.

These parkways are to extend well into the country, and are to be equipped with water, sewer, gas, and electricity, as well as telephone service and good driveways. These parkways are simply elongated parks alongside of which outlying lands may be platted and building lots sold, relying upon the auto to eliminate time and distance. We have just acquired legislation enabling the County to zone and plat the lands regardless of ownership. By proceeding in this manner, the zoning outside of the city will develop by attractive regulations in place of restrictive measures placed upon already developed areas as is now done within the city. The platting along both sides of these parkways will be in park form, similar to the praiseworthy accomplishments of Mr. Nickel in Kansas City. By the Park Department pushing out these parkways fully equipped with all modern conveniences, any one owning land in close proximity can attach to the trunk sewer, water, and so on, and in this way he is assured immediately all of the conveniences of the more densely populated areas. A greater number will be attracted to the outskirts of the city, when they are no longer met by hardship and inconvenience there.

We will have a higher grade of citizenship in consequence of this efficient and attractive manner of spreading out, made possible by regional planning, which gives the automobile, telephone, and electric service the opportunity of proving their ability to merge the rural district with the city, whereby the essential and most desirable features of both will accrue to the community as a whole. This spreading out, giving each family a natural contact with Mother Earth, has a very vital economic significance, of which Park advocates have not made the most. I refer to the fact which the

If it were possible to say it of any life insurance company, surely it might be said of The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, that it is a Wisconsin concern, for it was incorporated and organized under a special Act of the Wisconsin legislature in 1857 and, continuously since that time, it has maintained its Home Office in Wisconsin; but in no important sense is any successful life insurance company a local institution,—it is essentially national.

The Northwestern Mutual Life, however, has been the chief insuring company of Wisconsin citizens. Since its organization it has paid in excess of $38,000,000 to beneficiaries of Wisconsin men, for death losses and endowments alone, and it now has outstanding some 80,000 policies on the lives of Wisconsin residents, involving protection approximating $225,000,000.

The original charter powers granted this company were terse, but comprehensive. It was authorized to *"insure lives"* and that is what it has been doing steadfastly for sixty-six years. At first, its service was confined to the paying of a lump sum to a stated beneficiary on the death of an assured; now its policy contracts definitely meet every conceivable need for the protection of families and businesses.

Modern personal insurance provides cash to pay taxes, bills, expenses, mortgages and the cost of family readjustment; it furnishes funds for the education of children, monthly checks for living expenses and money for the needs of old age.

Modern business insurance protects an organization against the loss of its Financial Brains, its Production Brains, its Organizing Brains and its Selling Brains. It creates and protects credit. It inspires public confidence and it is easily adjusted to all business exigencies. Partnership and Corporation insurance are nesessities of modern society.

The important thing, nowadays, is to be *expertly advised* in life insurance. The needs of every man should be diagnosed scientifically and a proper program prescribed. This requires scientific, expert service and Northwestern Mutual Life agents are trained with that in mind. They are to be found in every locality of Wisconsin and they may be consulted freely, whether one is in the market for life insurance or not. All Northwestern agents are *expected* to Serve the Public.

The following are general agents in Wisconsin and they will be glad to be consulted. Call upon or write them:

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employers of labor are beginning to learn—namely, that so many cents an hour is no measure of an employee's value to them, but that it is the quality of the workman that governs his loss and gain account. A man, who, with his family lives in congenial environment; who eats well and sleeps well, and has an opportunity for the pleasurable exercise of all his faculties, is the man who contributes most to the profit side of his employer's ledger. The most expensive factor in manufacturing is the "turnover"— that is to say, change of employees; weeding out the discontented and inefficient who, during their short stay, spoil more than they produce. The beautiful garden city, Port Sunlight, in England, built by the proprietors of a large soap works at the cost of more than a million dollars, has proved to be their most profitable investment.

Employers are also learning that shorter hours of real labor are more profitable than longer hours which induce fatigue, and they are further beginning to realize that although the division of labor has created greater efficiency for a time, it has degenerated labor because the long hours of monotony have lessened the opportunity to exercise other faculties and have induced mental deformity. The one antidote for this tiresome monotony is a garden. The garden is Nature's Laboratory. It is the medium through which God comes in direct contact with every soul. No matter how much or how little you know, the garden affords you an opportunity for the pleasurable exercise of that knowledge. A few years ago, there arose this question among a group of Social Workers: "Why are there so many more petty crimes in New York than there are in Philadelphia?" A survey was made, which netted the conclusion that it was because less people live in individual homes in New York than in Philadelphia. That is one of the reasons why we must spread out. We must live where vegetation can live with us, and where by intelligent management every family, regardless of financial circumstances, may be insured those natural attributes to physical welfare. The savages enjoy them, why should not civilization fare as well?

PICTURESQUE LANGLADE

(Continued from page 10)

motorist through the Menominee Indian reservation which possesses scenery unsurpassed hereabout. All spots of historic interest and of scenic beauty are now in the course of marking. Ideal recreation spots are numerous. Motorists passing from Keshena are at all times within view of the Wolf. Everywhere one breathes in the aroma of the wilderness, views the gardens of wild flowers that cluster below the stately pine, probably the best yet standing in Wisconsin. A few pictures taken in "God's Garden", as an old cruiser and lumberjack called it, will afford an indelible recollection upon the motorist who is fortunate to spare a few hours here. Everywhere highway 55 is flanked by an almost artistic mingling of wild morning glories, running evergreens, and beautiful triliums that furnish natures background for the tanagers, goldfinches, blue birds, humming birds and orioles as they flitter about unmolested by man.

It is a wonderful satisfaction just to tarry in this country amid its winding trout streams, its crystal clear lakes, where fish are waiting to be fished and where the call of the wilderness permeates to the very soul of every man and woman who loves the outdoors.

Public and private camping grounds are plainly marked and numerous.

NASHOBA

(Continued from page 17)

ville Hotel will find the accommodations ample. The cottages may be rented and those who care to carry on much as they would at home can use the cottages in this way. They house four people comfortably and where there are more in a family it is an easy matter to provide additional cots. Many who come into the country camp out, and what so *delicious* as a night out under the stars, with the fragrance of pine and balsam hanging on the air?

Fishing in the trout pools operated by the Platteville Boys Hatchery is a business proposition, but there is good fishing for trout nearby and all kinds of game fish abound in Big Lake Chetac. A good bathing beach has been equipped with change quarters, is well lighted at night and carries the usual life line and guard, so that those who like to take a dip but are not expert swimmers will be sure to have all the protection possible thrown about them. The location is good, since at many of the watering places near the larger centers of population the crowds, in season, become so big that the freedom found in the farther north is in itself a boon and privilege.

One must give these men credit for carrying out in so successful a manner an idea begun only five years ago. The brook trout hatchery was the first establishment those behind the enterprise had in mind, and the men making up the

Platteville Boys Hatchery also had in mind a place for summer homes. The summer resort hotel and cottages for tourists came as a result of the great swarms of out-of-state people seeking Wisconsin as a summer playground and the big business suggested has become a live asset to resort enterprise all over the state. Wisconsin through its free tourist camps has made a long stride forward in bringing people here. They are very quick, these strangers, to acknowledge the interest taken in them and it has been the means of cultivating many new and lasting friendships. Once established the business of extending courtesy to these newly-made friends and neighbors becomes productive because people on a vacation usually plan it ahead and realize that it requires ready cash wherewith to get the service and enjoyment they all seek.

The new resort at Birchwood, then, is a logical consequence of a movement that is state wide in its import and one Wisconsin will not blind itself to, because we have at last awakened to the fact that our rivers, lakes, and valleys, our woodland, bluff, farm, and home scenery, commonplace to us who are used to it, is after all just as beautiful as our visitors describe it. There is no doubt Charley Wolf and his good wife who works just as hard for the success of Nashoba, will do much to win the good will and friendship of those who come to Wisconsin for a summer outing.

OLDEST CONCRETE COMMUNITY

(Continued from page 18)

ner that concrete buildings of today are erected. From W. J. Davis, a grandson of Joseph Goodrich, come the most complete details of its construction.

Mr. Davis says, "Where the cement used in the construction came from mystifies me. I have always been given to understand that it was hauled from Milwaukee by team, being purchased there with wheat and flour coming from Milton. I am told that the forms used were very similar to those in use now for concrete work. The concrete was mixed and placed in the forms which were about one foot high. After the concrete had been allowed to set for a day, the forms were raised and another batch of concrete put in. They extended entirely around the building and it was considered a good day's work to raise them and fill them with the concrete."

In the center of the house a concrete chimney was erected, around which wound a stairway leading to the upper two stories. The walls of the house were about 18 inches thick and those of the chimney approximately 12 inches through.

Mr. Goodrich was the butt of many jokers, according to Mr. Davis. They thought his building a huge jest and openly proclaimed their thoughts. But Goodrich had confidence in this new type of construction and one day is reported to have made a standing offer to the community that any man might take a maul and batter the walls as long as he pleased, but it would cost him five cents a blow. Several of the skeptics are reported to have taken advantage of the offer, but soon gave up in disgust.

Soon after the erection of the Milton House, a blacksmith shop of the same construction was erected adjoining it. The Milton House today serves as a home for several families and a number of its rooms are occupied by students of Milton College. The wing is partially taken up by a modern printing plant, the rumble of whose presses seem to have no effect on the soundness of the old building. At the far end is a grocery store, which makes use of the now abandoned blacksmith shop as a warehouse.

Abram Allen, coming from New York state in 1842 closely watched the work of erecting the Milton House. In 1844 he erected his own residence of the same type of construction. This was sold a few years later and farther west in the town he erected in 1850 still another house, which is today known as the Abram Allen house.

The house erected by Mr. Allen in 1844 is now owned by G. L. Shumway and from both outward and inward appearance is as serviceable today as when it was built. The present day Abram Allen house is also occupied and in splendid shape. Across the street from the house now owned by the Shumway family is still another dwelling of the same type, known today as the Polly Goodrich home. This was erected in 1851 for Fred Buten, but was later taken over by Elijah Goodrich, who owned a concrete building in the rear erected as a wheat mill in 1850.

A short distance from the original Milton House the tourist of today will find still another concrete building of the same period, erected for use as a wheat warehouse, but now bearing across its front the more modern sign "Garage." With a few exceptions, all of the buildings are in excellent state of preservation, and although no reinforcement was used in their construction, are apparently good for several generations more.

Thus we have what is believed to be America's first concrete community—a community founded by the vision of Joseph Goodrich, who but little dreamed of the permanent gifts he was bestowing on posterity.—*Cement and Engineering News.*

(Controlled Spring Action)

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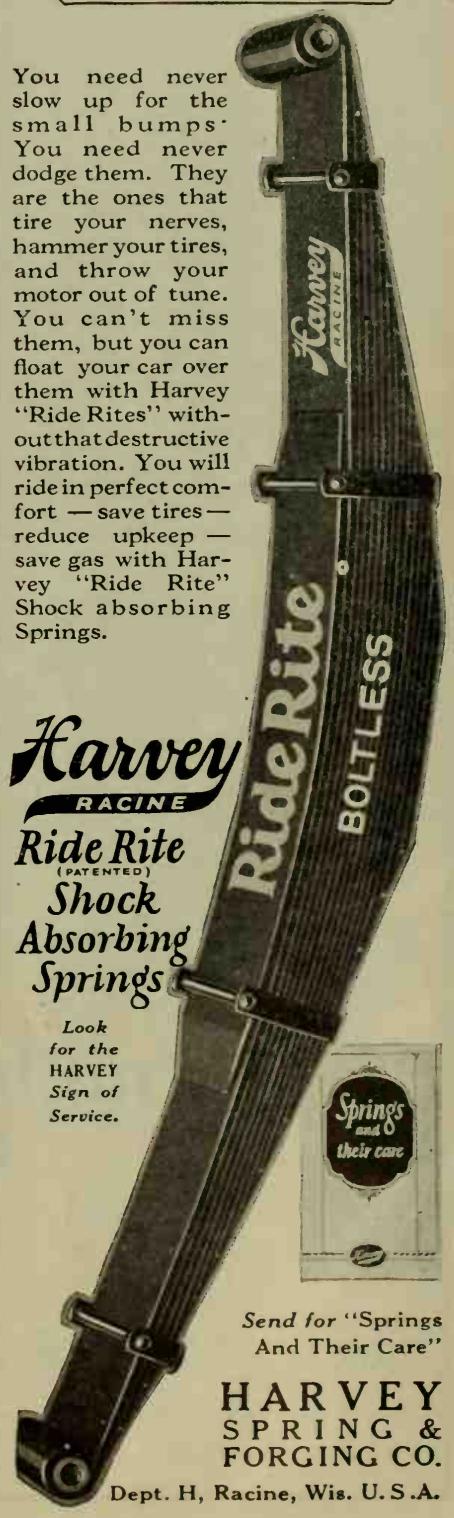

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THE WISH FAIRIES

(Continued from page 19)

"Then I send my airships out everywhere with a fairy in each one, to find out which children are good and which are naughty. Mortals think these airships are only dragon flies, or "Snake Feeders,' but they are really fairy airships, so be careful not to injure any of them.

"I am trying to make another jewel like my stolen one, but it takes a drop of dew from every colored flower there is in the world. And they can't find any green flowers, for the Dark Witch steals them all as fast as they bloom. When you get back to Mortal Land, please see that none of my subjects are harmed. That is all, now, and you may go. I am weary," and she waved her hand again, saying, "All change!"

"We will now go back to where you were when I saw you," said one of the Wish Fairies. "So, come, Bethie, you must be changed back into a little girl again," and the Wish Fairy began flying around her and dropping white powder from its wings as before.

"Well, well! Little Sleepyhead!" said a laughing voice in Bethie's ear as Auntie Margarete pulled one of her curls. "Are you going to sleep all day!"

And so Bethie had fallen asleep and dreamed all this as she watched these white butterflies! But just the same I have seen lots and lots of those Wish Fairies and Fairy Airships and Flashlight Fairies. Haven't you, little readers? If you watch closely, you may see some this very day or night.

MAYOR OF HIS CITY AT FOURTEEN

(Continued from page 21)

by the earnestness and zeal that we will show in our decisions."

The meeting was then started off by a speech from the Scout City Attorney who assured those present that the mayor had been legally elected by votes sent through the mail. The mayor expressed his appreciation of the confidence placed in him.

A petition requesting that Fairbanks, Morse & Co. be requested to fill in the so-called dump at the south end of Hemlock street and Park avenue was introduced by Scout Alderman John Woodward. He explained the request was necessary to subdue unpleasant odors which several of his constituents have complained about. The petition was referred to the health committee.

Alderman Betram Hough introduced a resolution calling for the city to issue bonds to the extent of $20,000 for the purpose of building an ornamental bridge over Turtle Creek at the head of Broad street. There were two other aldermen who supported the resolution, Aldermen Robert Starling and Lawrence Raymer. It was referred to the bridge committee.

A resolution introduced by Scout Alderman Robert Starling calling for an appropriation of $5,000 to be turned over to the park board for the purpose of improving the land on the northwest side of the city known as the golf grounds by making two baseball diamonds, a golf course and a swimming pool, was carried by a vote six and three.

Alderman Starling in support of his resolution stated that he believed that such a golf course would stimulate interest in the game; also that it would enable those who cannot afford to join a country club to enjoy a place to play. Aldermen Raymer and Mutchow supported the resolution, while Alderman Davenport spoke against it.

Another resolution introduced by Alderman Starling called for an appropriation of $10,000 for the erection of a market place. The Haymarket Square is the location recommended. The chief argument for the resolution was that the market place would do away with the profits of the middleman. The resolution was unanimously carried.

Big Hill came up for discussion when Alderman Paul Mutchow introduced a resolution calling for an appropriation of $12,000 for the purpose of buying the hill which borders Rock river four miles north of Beloit. The site would be a good place for a park and could be used as a summer camp for children. The resolution was referred to the park board.

Alderman Lawrence Raymer introduced a resolution calling for the inspection of the Portland avenue bridge to determine its safety. If found unsafe, he requested that a petition be signed by the voters and the proposition of a new bridge be put up to them for settlement. The resolution was referred to the bridge committee.

A resolution calling for an appropriation of $2,500 for the purpose of hiring a forester was referred to the city engineer, the park board, and the street department. The resolution was introduced by Alderman Frank Musselman.

The concluding work of the night was the presentation of a resolution by Alderman Lionel Blecha requesting that the streets of McKinley, Grant, and Cleveland be graded and taken care of after every rain and until said streets are paved. The resolution was referred to the city engineer, public works committee, and the street railway committee.

In returning the gavel to Mayor E. G. Smith, Scout Mayor Ted Thomson said,

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"In behalf of the Boy Scouts of this city, I thank you Mr. Smith and the Common Council and all the other men in the city's service for relinquishing your offices to us for a day. And I here hand you the gavel which you handed to me this morning with so sincere confidence. And I wish to tell you that the experience we have gained will be useful to us in the future."

TREES

(Continued from page 22)

again with new forests to shelter and sustain a new race of men and beasts and birds to work out a greater destiny."

And then these beautiful lines by Joyce Kilmer, the first American man of letters, who gave up his life, July 30, 1918, under the American flag in France, in the Great War:

TREES.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day;
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

THE UNITED STATES FLAG.

There is no Federal law now in force pertaining to the manner of displaying, hanging, or saluting the United States flag. However, under date of February 15, 1923, Mr. Robert C. Davis, The Adjutant General, issued a flag circular from which information concerning the flag is gathered as follows:

"When the national flag is carried, as in a procession, with another flag or flags, its place is on the right.

"When the national flag and another flag are displayed together, as against a wall from crossed staffs, the national flag should be on the right, the observer's left, and its staff should be in front of the staff of the other flag.

"When a number of flags are grouped and displayed from staffs the national flag should be in the center or at the highest point of the group.

"When the national flag is hung either horizontally or vertically against a wall the union should be uppermost and to the flag's own right, the observer's left.

"When displayed from a staff projecting horizontally or at an angle from a window or the front of a building the same rule should be observed; the union should go clear to the peak of the staff unless the flag be at half staff.

"When the flag is suspended between buildings so as to hang over the middle of a street, a simple rule is to hang the union to the north in an east and west street, or to the east in a north and south street.

"When not flown from a staff the flag should be always hung flat whether indoors or out. It should not be festooned over doorways or arches or tied into a bowknot or fashioned in a rosette. When used on a rostrum it should be displayed above and behind the speaker's desk. It should never be used to cover the speaker's desk nor to drape over the front of the platform. Under no circumstances should the flag be draped over chairs or benches, nor should any object or emblem of any kind be placed above or upon it, nor should it be hung where it can be easily contaminated or soiled. No lettering of any kind should ever be placed upon the flag.

"It is the practice in the Army, each day in the year, to hoist the flag at sunrise and lower it slowly at sunset. On Memorial Day at all Army posts the national flag is displayed at half staff from sunrise until noon and at full staff from noon until sunset. When flown at half staff the flag is first hoisted to the peak and then slowly lowered to half-staff position, but before lowering the flag for the day it is raised again to the head of the staff.

"The flag should never be hung nor displayed union down except as a signal of distress at sea.

"It is becoming practice to display the flag on all patriotic occasions, especially on the following days:

"Lincoln's Birthday, February 12.
"Washington's Birthday, February 22.
"Mother's Day, second Sunday in May.
"Memorial Day, May 30.
"Flag Day, June 14.
"Independence Day, July 4.
"Armistice Day, November 11.

"In certain localities other special days are observed in the same manner.

"Old and worn-out flags should not be used either for banners or for any secondary purpose. When a flag is in such a condition that it is no longer a fitting emblem for display, it should not be cast aside nor used in any way that might be viewed as disrespectful to the national colors, but should be destroyed as a whole, privately, preferably by burning or by some other method lacking in any suggestion of irreverence or disrespect to the emblem representing our country."

LINCOLN

No man in the history of our country has so much deserved the attention of Americans as Abraham Lincoln. The Lincolnian ideals seem to fit our needs now as much and perhaps more than ever before. Thousands of people are turning to the study of Lincoln as a source of inspiration and perhaps of solution in these days of perplexities.

The Herndon "Lincoln" is beyond doubt the most authoritative work extant. In addition, it reads well. Once you get started on this work, you will find it difficult to break away from it. Each page seems to demand that the next be read.

BOOKS THAT ARE ATTRACTING ATTENTION

Economics for Everyman, by J. E. Le Rossignol, Dean of the College of Business Administration, University of Nebraska (Henry Holt and Company). This is a clear presentation, in the simplest possible terms, of the fundamental principles that underlie our economic system. As its title implies, it is a book for the reader who wishes a brief survey of this important field as an introduction to further study.

Icebound, by Owen Davis (Little, Brown and Company), is a powerful play by an American author, describing a group of small-town Northern Maine folk, with whatever of natural goodness and wickedness there is in them. Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale University says of this play, "It is a powerful, original, admirable American play and fully deserves the Pulitzer prize." It was awarded this prize ($1,000) in 1922.

Somewhere at Sea, by John Fleming Wilson (E. P. Dutton and Company). The author of these tales is dead, but while he lived he knew the deep seas as a child knows its playground, and his stories are a rich heritage that he left behind him, to stir the memory of those who have filled their lungs with the brine-laden tang of the sea, who have loved the mighty, temperamental ocean, and who have learned to appreciate the personality of a ship as well as the character of the men who go "down to the sea in ships."

Cyrano De Bergerac, by Edmond Rostand, translated by Brian Hooker (Henry Holt and Company). Great credit is due the translator of this superb play, for splendid as the original is, it has lost none of its charm and fantasy in the transmutation from one language into another, a supremely difficult task and yet one remarkably well accomplished. The English reading public is to be congratulated on this new addition to its translations. Numerous translations have attempted but failed to render the elegance, the temper, the lightness of touch, and the lyrical beauty of the original. It is as though the play has been given a new lease of life since its inception in 1898.

Heir's Apparent, by Philip Gibbs (Doran). An excellent novel of contrast—depth and shallowness, love and stupidity, courage and cowardice,—and withal the effort of the younger generation to live according to its own precepts. It is not as strong a novel as the author's "The Middle of the Road."

High Road, by Janet Ramsay (Century.) A novel rearkable for its intensity of emotion, its intimate glimpses of the mental life of an artist, and its tragic close.

Days of Delusion, by Clara Endicott Sears (Hughton, Mifflin Company), is an interesting study of the prophet Miller, who prophesied the end of the world on March 21, 1844, an event which apparently did not transpire, though the agitation of this religious fanatic did give rise to some interesting observations on the extremes to which religious fanaticism may carry people, over those of fairly high intelligence. The book in addition to giving a biography of Miller and a history of the movement which he set in motion, also details numerous incidents leading up to the awful day, the day itself, and the adjustment which followed, when the disillusioned ones returned to their families and friends, many of them never to recover completely from the emotional shock. Humor and tragedy, the ludicrous and the sublime, walk side by side through the pages of this book.

The Real John Burroughs, by William Sloane Kennedy (Funk & Wagnalls Company). Wisconsin people are interested in John Burroughs because, nature lovers ourselves, we can appreciate the man

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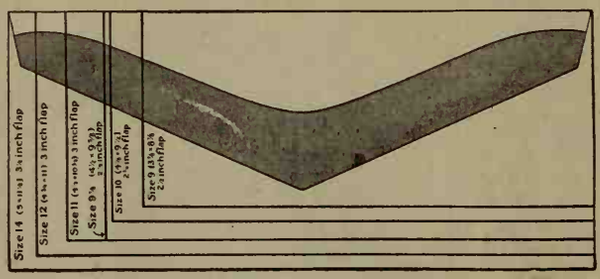

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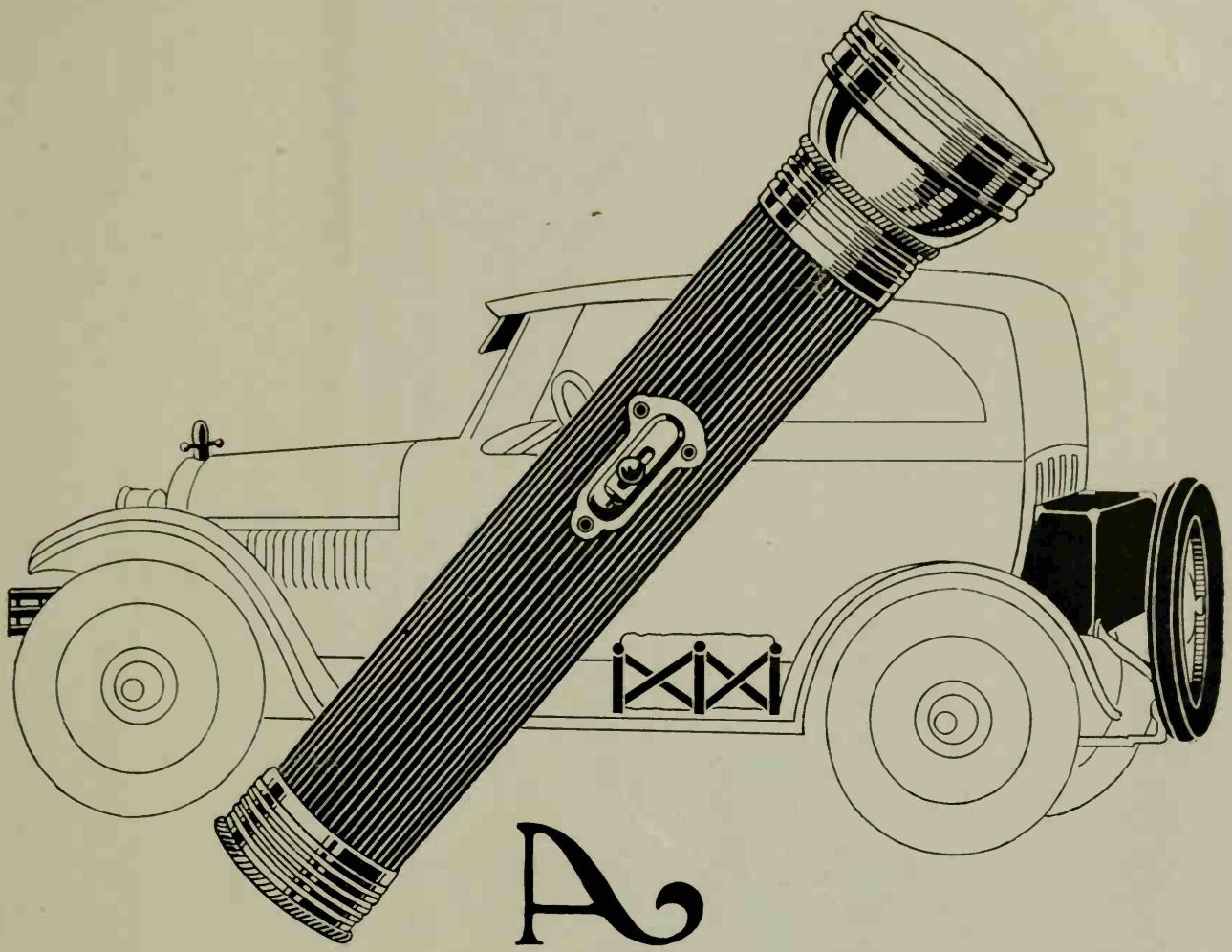
who has a genuine love for the out of doors, both in plant and in animal life. We are interested also in Burroughs because of his intimate association with one of Wisconsin's great sons, John Muir. But Burrough himself has been added to America's immortals. His sincerity and honesty, his scholarship and his ability to express himself in language that everyman can understand, have endeared him to the American people, and in this volume Mr. Kennedy has given us an extremely life-like picture of Burroughs, one that, while it is frank in admitting and insisting upon his shortcomings both as a naturalist and as a writer, will help any reader to a better understanding and a deeper appreciation of Burroughs the man, the writer, and the naturalist.

Sabatini has written another of his beautiful romances in **Bardleys the Magnificent** (Houghton, Mifflin), with the sub-title "Being an Account of the Strange Wooing pursued by the Sieur Marcel de Saint-Pol, Marquis of Bardelys, and of the things that in the course of it befell him in Languedoc, in the year of the Rebellion." It lives up to the title, to the sub-title, and to the reputation of Sabantini to deliver the goods when it comes to the clever tale of chivalry and knight errantry.

A story that reminds one somewhat of Sabatini is Harold Brighouse's **Captain Shapely** (McBride), the whimsical tale of a professional highwayman, who plays the double role of town dandy and snatcher of wigs and purses on the King's highway, and of his love affair with the strong-willed ward of a Cheshire gentleman.

Martin Johnson's book **Game Trails in Africa** (Century), is one of the most popular and widely heralded books of the year. Mr. Johnson combines unusual talent as a photographer and a writer, and his photographs and descriptions are delightful in their portrayal of Africa, especially with reference to the animal life of that exotic continent.

While many sociologists have been talking about the dangers of over-population and remedies both good and bad have been suggested on the naked hypothesis that the world's food supply is not keeping up with the increase in the world's population, Professor Edward M. East, of Harvard University, has furnished a substantial and exhaustive study of this entire problem in his book **Mankind at the Crossroads** (Scribners), and while he ends by proving the hypothesis that the food supply is not keeping pace with the present rate of increase in population, he brings to bear facts and figures that prove his case beyond a shadow of a doubt, and his constructive suggestions are sane and practical.



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